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NOVEMBER 19, 1973

TIME

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May 18, 1973

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Newton, Iowa



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The light bulb and the lid stopper did have to be replaced, but my husband put them in.

Are these really Maytag Repairmen? If so, they must be lonely in their work.

Mother of 3 children who works all day.

Mrs. Helen Wehl
Munsel Island, Washington

**Yes, Mrs. Wehl, there really
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And some Maytag owners need them because, naturally, we don't say all Maytags will equal the record you've enjoyed. But one thing we *do* say — dependability is what we try to build into every Maytag Washer and Dryer.



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**"No
unhappy
owners."**

**-Ford Motor Company and over
6,000 Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealers.**

"We believe you should be happy with a Ford, Mercury or Lincoln for as long as you own it."

We listen.

And we have a lot of respect for today's consumer. You're demanding better products. And you're demanding that companies do a better job of satisfying you after you buy. That's fine with us. We invite you to compare.

Compare the workmanship. Compare the quiet. Compare the ride.

And before you buy, find out how the people who make the car, and the dealer who sells it, intend to treat you *after* the sale.

We ask you to do this because we've done something no other car company has done.

Two years ago, we created the industry's only separate division devoted to keeping owners happy after the sale. The Ford Customer Service Division.

No one else in the car business has a division like it. The creation of this division means that we've made taking care of you after the sale as important as selling you a car in the first place. When you buy a Ford, Mercury or Lincoln, there are 1700 people in 34 cities around the country. Their job is to help you.

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Over 6,000 Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealers are also committed to the goal: No unhappy owners.

If you have a problem, chances are your dealer will solve it. But if for some reason the problem can't be solved at the dealership, you or the dealer can contact the Customer Service Division for help.

Call 800-648-4848* (toll-free) for the address of the nearest office.

Write them. A trained representative will get back to you. His job is to work with you and the dealer to keep you happy with your car for as long as you own it.

So when you're comparing new cars, make sure you compare what you get after the sale.

We want you to be happy with a Ford, Mercury or Lincoln for as long as you own it.

Our goal: No unhappy owners.

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LETTERS

Impeachment with Honor

Sir / Mr. Nixon must like "being kicked around" because he gives the press and the people every opportunity to do so. By firing Archibald Cox, he has shown that the most stable democracy in history can become a dictatorship. Impeach with honor and save our country.

CAROL RICO
Taunton, Mass.

Sir / I am truly outraged at the President's lack of respect for the law and his lack of good faith with Congress and the country. This man is not acting rationally, in my opinion, and I strongly support a movement for his resignation or impeachment.

A civilized society must maintain respect for the law. No man can be above the law. I supported Nixon for President in 1968; yet I still feel that quick action must be taken.

SHELDON M. WOKL
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sir / Again we are the victims of Nixon's treachery. The fox throws us a bone while he steals off with the chickens. Surrendering the tapes while firing Cox won't wash!

We the people plead that Congress spare us any further agony by continuing with the impeachment machinery.

ANTHONY B. DE ANGELIS
Willingboro, N.J.

Sir / If Congress lacks the courage to investigate an impeachment, it had better begin to plan for a coronation.

ANN H. HAUMAN
Edmond, Okla.

Sir / How much longer can the country afford a musical-chairs Government conducted by a one-man band? Impeach and convict the man and get this country back on its feet. This can't be the America they taught me about in fifth grade.

JONATHAN TULMAN
Worcester, Mass.

Sir / For years we have smugly looked at other countries and held our democracy up for all to see. We have often asked how Nazi Germany could happen. Well, here we have our own answer now. An apathetic people is fertile soil for any person who wishes power to use to his own advantage. It appears that we are no longer a government of the people, by the people and for the people, but of, by and for the President.

JANET G. STRECKER
Menomonie Falls, Wis.

Sir / I have no patience with the reasoning that goes, "But he is the President."

He is also inept, incompetent, without principle and, it would seem, a borderline psychotic.

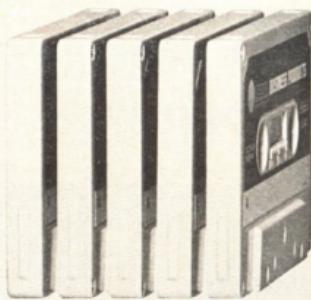
I say get him out of there before he gets us in the kind of trouble he's in.

FRANK CROW
Los Angeles

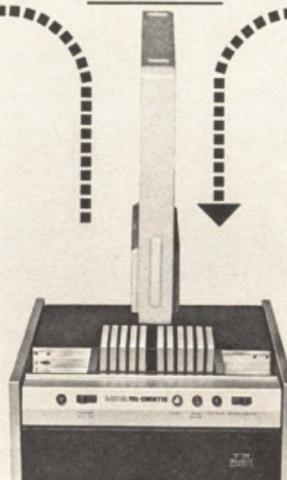
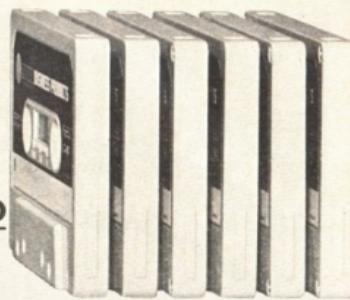
Sir / I feel that President Nixon has abandoned all objectives except winning this cynical and perilous game. The rest is nothing but a smokescreen. Let Henry Kissinger handle foreign affairs. The President must be removed from office.

KATHRYN M. CONNELL
Berkeley, Calif.

Sir / I wish President Nixon would take his tapes, real estate, tax refunds, vetoes and trumpets and clear out. Let's give him safe



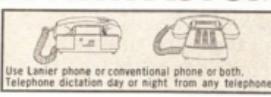
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LETTERS

conduct out of Washington if he promises to stay away from the political scene forever and a day.

KATHERINE MARRIN
Brighton, Mich.

Sir / Just when it began to appear that the Norn Mother had forgotten us completely, she turned out three men to meet our mortal needs. How refreshing it is to hear "Cox, Richardson and Ruckelshaus" instead of "Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Mitchell and Dean."

How about designating one day in October as Archibald Cox day to commemorate the return of morality to government.

DALE FERGUSON
Harrisburg, Ill.

Sir / Certainly such men as Archibald Cox, Elliott Richardson, William Ruckelshaus and John Sirica should be TIME's Men of the Year.

E.N. PELLETIER
Vero Beach, Fla.

Sir / I am most certainly *not* in favor of impeachment of our President, and I deeply resent the media's stirring up thoughts of rebellion among the masses instead of encouraging the people of the U.S. to keep calm and do some rational thinking. Do not incite mob rule.

Every President I can remember, starting with and including F.D.R., has made some errors in judgment, but I have never seen or heard the media so insidiously encourage the idea of impeachment of our President.

MRS. JACK W. O'GRADY
Park Ridge, Ill.

Sir / President Nixon's greatest errors seem to be errors of judgment, precipitate action, strength in foreign affairs, at the expense of domestic affairs and a lack of communication with the people. The president of the Congress—certainly not fraudulent "high crimes" against the people of the U.S. necessitating impeachment.

In this case, I feel the remedy is worse than the ailment, certainly at this point in history. What we need is teamwork, not vindictive divisiveness.

ROLAND A. TRIPP
Moraga, Calif.

Questioning the Alert

Sir / Kissinger is dismayed that the public questions the Administration's motives for the military alert [Nov. 5].

But surely he must know that to serve an Administration that has systematically lied to the public is to run the risk of not being believed.

JOEL P. BRAINARD
Ithaca, N.Y.

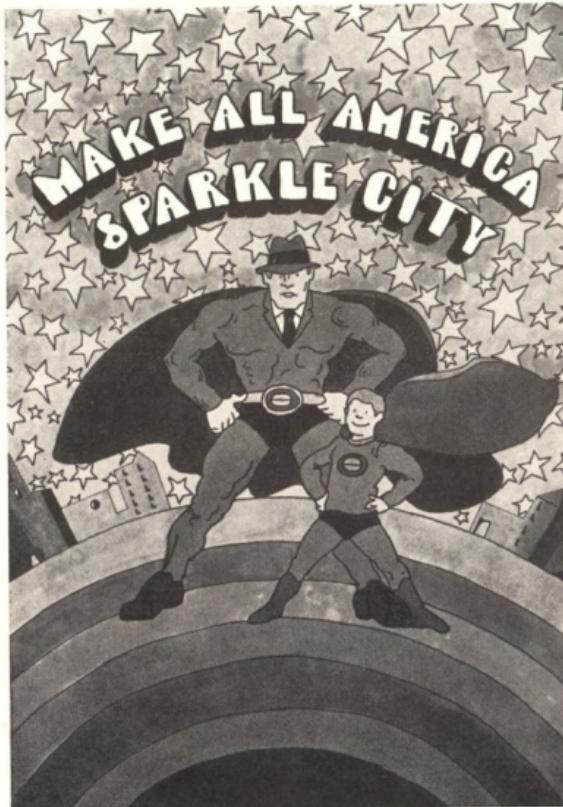
Sir / It is interesting to note that many of the people who are so quick to question the necessity of Nixon's military alert are the same people who could not stop praising Kennedy's courage in needlessly bringing the world to the brink of a nuclear confrontation with Russia in the alleged Cuban missile "crisis" of 1962.

ED PATRICK
Framingham, Mass.

Nixon's Attack on the Press

Sir / As I watched President Nixon's televised news conference on Oct. 26, I was very disturbed and upset by his ugly attack on the news media.

In my opinion, it was a cheap trick used to try to divert attention from his own



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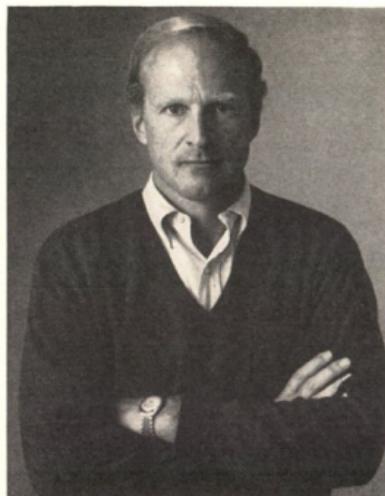
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LETTERS

wrongdoing. Thank God for the independence of the press! Please do not allow yourselves to be intimidated.

JUNE D. BLEAKLEY
Greensboro, N.C.

Sir / In President Nixon's news conference, he reminded me of a gladiator surrounded by a bunch of vicious animals.

I volunteer to stand with him any day against the animals.

JOHN R. KILGORE
San Antonio

Sir / I for one would like to make one thing perfectly clear. I am not angry with our President. However, I must say that I am surprised to find that I finally can agree with something he has said: "You can't be angry with someone you don't respect."

EDWARD D. HILLHOUSE JR.
St. Charles, Mo.

The War in the Middle East

Sir / Re "Cairo: A New Sense of Pride" [Oct. 29]: Arabs have a lot to be proud of. Their armies outnumbered the Israelis. They had the advantage of a surprise attack. They had unlimited supplies—thanks to the Russians—financed by oil profits. Yet after three weeks of fighting, they were losing, and screamed for a cease-fire. This is the same type of pride demonstrated by Arab terrorists after murdering athletes, airline passengers and schoolchildren.

RICHARD F. HERRMANN
San Diego

Sir / In three weeks a tiny nation, suffering under the disadvantages of a sneak attack and of being outgunned and outmanned, bullied its way to within striking distance of both major Arab capitals. Now is that anything for the Arabs to brag about? I fail to see how this makes the Arab forces "able." I hope Israel does not reward Arab aggression with a return to pre-1967 borders.

MARK SQUIRES
Philadelphia

Sir / If ever the Arabs were to give an indication of a sincere desire to live in peace and friendly cooperation with the Israelis, the matter of boundaries would pose no insurmountable problem.

But until that time and as long as they persist in their determination to destroy Israel, Israel has no alternative but to keep as much distance as possible between its people and its hostile neighbors.

Israel welcomes peace but not suicide.

REBECCA HORN
San Francisco

Sir / I wonder if the Arabs have started asking themselves yet what they have gained now that they and the Israelis have wasted billions of dollars throwing military hardware at each other. Are they now all eating better, getting better medical care, are their children going to better schools, etc., now that each side has captured some bombed-out villages and a few square miles of worthless desert? Insanity!

WALKER RIDOUT
Corpus Christi, Texas

Sir / Re your Essay: if there were as many American Arabs as there are American Jews, the Arabs, too, would be as articulate and influential. Then whom would the U.S. support?

MICHAEL MARIEENA
Terre Haute, Ind.

Sir / How can the Jews, so devoted to a homeland not seen in nearly 2,000 years, be so insensitive to the Palestinians' long-



This is a picture of a Lion. Someday it may be all you'll be able to show your children.

Time is running out for the African Lion and other species of African wildlife. Their habitat is being threatened by the demands of a growing population, land abuse, and the poacher. Wildlife needs help now or it may vanish.

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The African Wildlife Leadership Foundation is a non governmental, American organization with the primary mission of assisting the African nations to conserve their unique wildlife treasure.

We purchase land, fund programs to maintain national parks and game reserves, provide advanced wildlife management education, maintain wildlife education centers. We support two wildlife management colleges and underwrite specific research projects on the leopard, the elephant, the sitatunga and other species.

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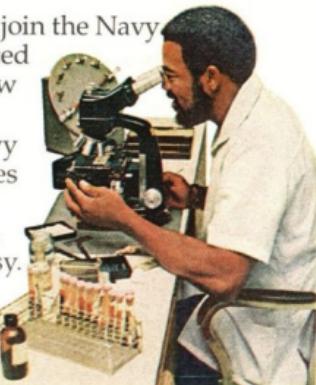
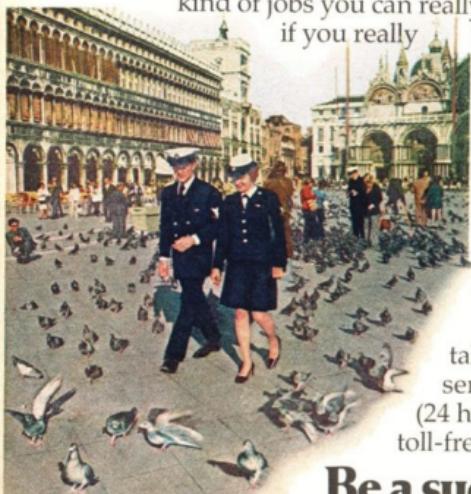
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LETTERS

ing to return to *their* homeland? Israeli immigrants today go to a country most have never seen, and all have roots elsewhere in the world.

But to a Palestinian refugee, living in a tent or shack under conditions rivaling those of Nazi camps and dependent upon the charity of other nations, the *only* home is Palestine, where he and his family have lived for centuries, a country Israel insists no longer exists.

It is the helplessness and bitterness they feel at their predicament that spawn such groups as Al-Fatah and Black September, comparable to the Jewish Irgun.

TERRE FLEENER
San Antonio

Sir / Until the Government of the U.S. stops its idiotic support of the Prussia of the Middle East, Israel, I intend to waste as much oil and petroleum products as it is possible to do.

Perhaps in this manner I can help force our Government to alter its policy of malign neglect toward the Arabs and, in particular, the Palestinians.

Only when our oil reserves are depleted and our Government crawls on its hands and knees to King Feisal to lick the oil from his feet, only then will I alter my driving habits, do my wash in cold water and lower my thermostat.

JAMES E. SCHRECK
Buffalo

Sir / Fewer than 35 years ago the Nazis successfully exterminated more than 6,000,000 Jews, while the rest of the Western nations looked on with apathy. After World War II, these same nations agreed that in some of the remaining Jews should be repaid for their losses and guaranteed a permanent homeland.

It was a neat trick getting the Arabs to pay the price of Western racism, but is it reasonable to expect them to stand quietly

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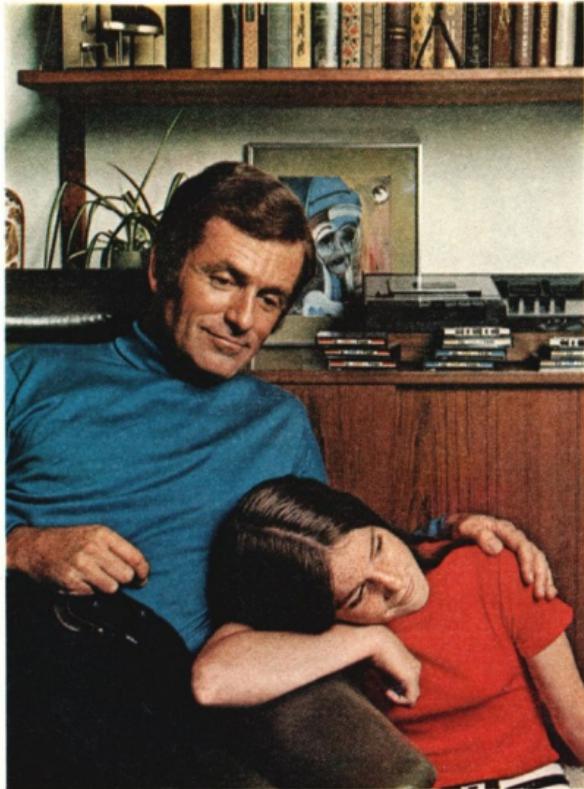


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LETTERS

aside, as the Israelis help themselves to more and more Arab land whenever their expanding population dictates?

JUDY CASCALES
Belmont, Calif

Preparation

Sir / Speaking of the emergence of Walt Kelly's *Pogo* in the early 1950s, TIME wrote: "Editors were skeptical about a whimsical, literate strip full of talking animals: comic pages then belonged to the likes of Dick Tracy and Mary Worth" [Oct. 29].

By the early '50s *L'il Abner*, with its fantastic animals, the best known being the Shmoo, had for nearly 20 years proved that whimsy and literacy could be popular. Walt was no imitator: he was one of the most original humorists of our time. But *L'il Abner* had prepared the public for his genius.

Since *L'il Abner* began to satirize the lunacies of liberalism, it has been written out of comic-strip history in the manner of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. To those liberals who fear 1984, I suggest *Willy*'s immortal line: "We have met the enemy and he is us."

AL CAPP
Boston

Nobel Prize Guarantee

Sir / The Nobel committee, in its wisdom, has recently awarded the Peace Prize to U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and North Viet Nam's Le Duc Tho [Oct. 29].

There is not now, nor has there been since World War II, a lasting peace in Viet Nam. We now have a very shaky and temporary cease-fire. One sometimes wonders whether there is a money-back guarantee on Nobel Peace Prizes.

ROB OSTROFF
Washington, D.C.

Sir / The awarding of the Nobel Peace Prize to Henry Kissinger and Le Duc Tho is like granting Xaviera Hollander (aka "The Hooker") an award for extreme virtue.

LORNE L. ELIOSOFF
Toronto, Ont.

It Is She Who Waggles

Sir / You male chauvinist diabolists!

Unless they repealed a law of nature when I was not looking, worker honeybees are all female, so "he" doesn't "waggle" or anything else to indicate a distant source of honey [Oct. 22].

RITA B. VIATOR
New Iberia, La.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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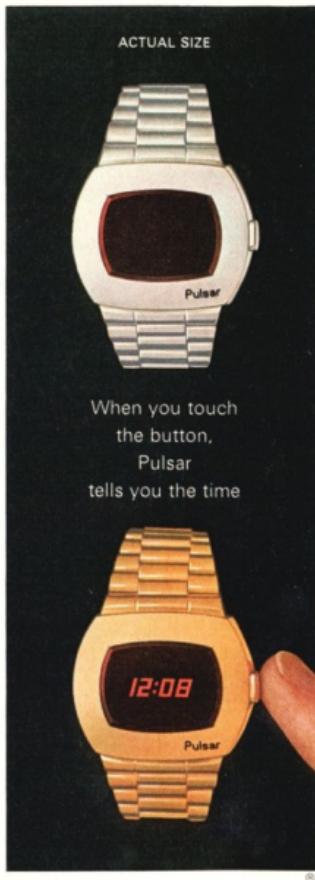
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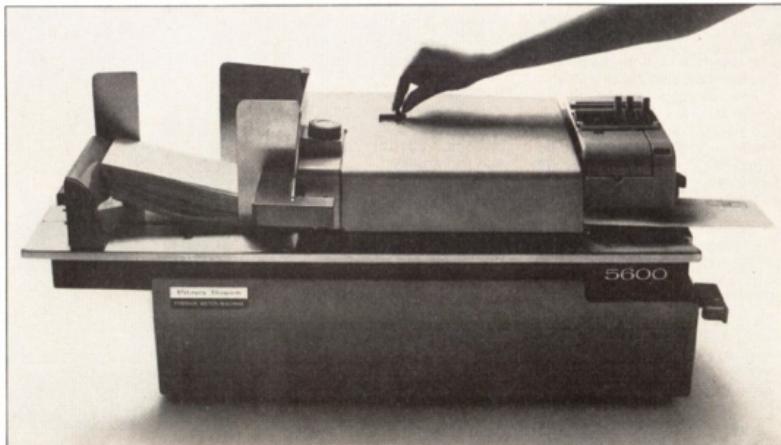
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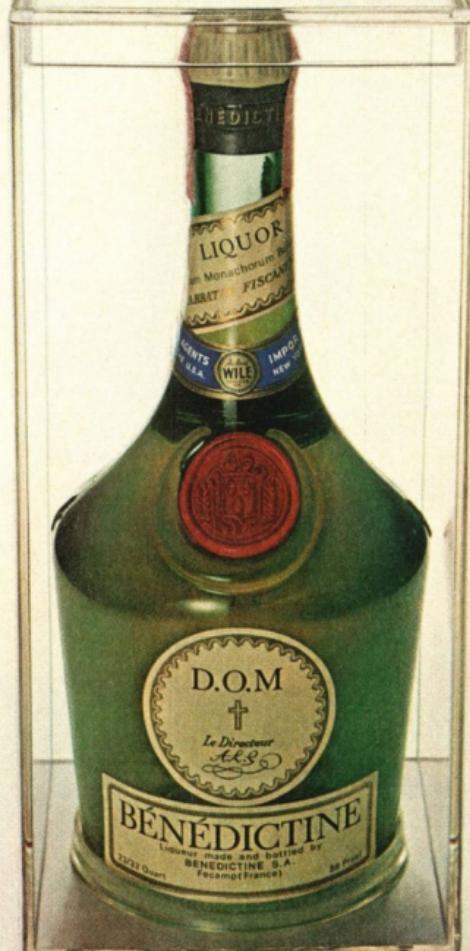


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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Nov. 19, 1973 Vol. 102, No. 21

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Keep the Faith

Watergate has seen appeals to courts and Congress and led even the most loyal Americans to feel on occasion like strangers in a strange land. Now the Dominican Sisters of Adrian, Mich., are appealing to a higher source. They have devised a prayer for a "government of integrity," calling upon the deity "to strengthen and inspire our representatives to pass legislation that will emancipate us from cancerous greed and conspiratorial secrecy." In Detroit, Archbishop John Cardinal Dearden issued a pastoral letter that noted, "These are difficult days for the country we love," and asked observance of the first three Fridays in November as days of voluntary prayer, penance and fasting in light of the nation's political turmoil.

As for President Nixon himself, he held no fewer than 37 Sunday services in the East Room of the White House during his first term in office, but has had only four such services since he was inaugurated for his second term ten months ago. The President went to church a total of ten times during his first term, but has been there only once so far this year.

Homily

Religious solace is sought with greater frequency among the faithful in Cambridge, Mass. A morning prayer service is held in Harvard University's Memorial Church each weekday. Distinguished speakers from within the university community frequently take part in the short services by offering brief remarks, but since he took office in 1971, Harvard President Derek Bok had not

chosen to do so. Recently he went to Memorial's Appleton Chapel to deliver his first talk there—a stirring homily in praise of his once and future colleague, former Watergate Prosecutor Archibald Cox.

"He perceived a principle that could not be compromised even to placate the uncertain demands of international security and domestic harmony," Bok said. "It was a principle worth defending, even by refusing to obey a presidential order." Cox's decision to surrender office rather than relinquish principle was made "in order to press its importance vividly on the mind of the nation," said Bok. "In retrospect, it appears he has taught us more in Government service than he could have hoped to achieve in those Harvard classrooms where we welcome him back with admiration."

Solitude

What price privacy? At the moment, \$80,000 and up. That is the tag on a custom-made "contemplative environment"—the latest extravaganza offered in the Neiman-Marcus department-store Christmas catalogue. "Very basically, it's enclosure, the womb," declares the environment's design chief, Richard Stonis. While it is not exactly Walden Pond, the plush private world is like a self-contained dollhouse that can be outfitted with film screens to show custom-made movies, a stand-up bar, isometric exercise equipment, a round water bed and anything else the purchaser might desire.

What's more, the room comes in various curved and linear designs, and generally is equipped with a small sofa that glides on a track around the perimeter, moving from the audio-visual area, say,

to a work station. "This is not just a toy," insists Architect William Pulgram, president of Associated Space Design, which will build the environments for Neiman-Marcus. "It is a recognition of a need in our society, a search for 'the real me.' This creates a favorable spatial experience for your task or function to become meaningful."

Carousels Preserved

Once a children's delight in hundreds of towns and cities, carousels in the U.S. now number fewer than 100. Amusement parks have been replacing costly old carousels with modern plastic and aluminum rides that are both peppier and easier to maintain. Carousels, meanwhile, are chopped up, their horses turned into bar stools, heads cut from bodies, and carved wooden animals sold to antique dealers. "Carousels are diminishing to a terrible extent," mourns Frederick Fried, author of *A Pictorial History of the Carousel*. To halt the destruction, more than 200 lovers of that old amusement-park staple gathered in Sandwich, Mass., on Cape Cod not long ago to form the National Carousel Roundtable and dedicate themselves to ensuring the future of the merry-go-round, the whirligig and the flying jinny—as carousels have been variously known in their 95-year history in the U.S.

The group will be on the lookout for melodious menageries that may be headed for the electric saw. Is there still room in the American imagination for the quaint, circling beauty of a carousel aglitter with colored glass and alive with organ music? "The carousel is an art form," says Fried, "the greatest mobile. I consider them to be like great American landmarks."

DETROIT WORSHIERS PRAYING FOR THE NATION



CAROUSEL RIDING AT CONEY ISLAND PARK





THE NIXONS EMBRACE AT DINNER HONORING PAT; NIXON CONFERS WITH COUNSELLOR MELVIN LAIRD AT ENERGY CRISIS MEETING

THE CRISIS

The Pressure Builds on the President

Multiple crises, both personal and national, were surely at hand, and the embattled President was determined to demonstrate that he was in control of them. In a rush of Washington meetings Richard Nixon, looking flushed and haggard but speaking with animation, explained his plans to deal with the oil crisis to his Cabinet, congressional leaders, business executives, Governors and mayors. He bantered with the Governors about football, asked Maryland's Governor Marvin Mandel what was wrong with the Baltimore Colts, and laughed at Mandel's reply: "They lack energy." Three times he told the Governors that the nation must "bite the bullet" to meet the crisis (*see cover, ECONOMY & BUSINESS*).

At the end of a forceful televised speech on the energy problems, the President shifted to his own crisis, noting the calls for his resignation over what he termed "the deplorable Watergate matter." But he vowed: "I have no intention whatever of walking away from the job I was elected to do." Later he made a surprise appearance at a dinner honoring his wife Pat, and hugged her in a rare public embrace. He also got off some weak jokes ("I'm sorry I'm late; I could only drive 50 miles an hour"), and told a story of having visited his dying mother in the mid-'60s. Trying to bolster her, Nixon had said: "Mother, don't you give up." Mrs. Nixon lifted herself on one elbow and replied: "Richard, don't you ever give up."

Big Plunge. There was no indication last week that Richard Nixon was giving up in any way, even as his troubles continued to grow. Depressed mainly by the energy shortage but influenced by the President's Watergate uncertainties, the stock market took its biggest plunge in more than a decade, dropping 24.24 points on a single day on the Dow Jones industrial average. Officials of the New York Stock Exchange quietly cir-

culated a contingency plan on the floor to close the market instantly if Nixon should resign. Half a world away, a similar small omen appeared in the pages of *Pravda*, which for the first time began readying Soviet readers for Nixon's possible exit. In private, Soviet officials were spreading the line: "Our relations with the U.S. are based on Washington policies, not on the President."

In Congress, Nixon suffered his worst defeat since the rejection of two of his Supreme Court nominees. The Congress overrode his veto and placed new limits on his war powers (*see story page 30*). Top officials of the AFL-CIO launched a campaign to get the union's 13.5 million members to demand the President's "immediate impeachment." The union's convention had called upon Nixon to resign, but since he apparently will not, the AFL-CIO statement said, there are 19 reasons why he should be impeached. Among them: "He has consistently lied to the American people." "He has violated the Constitution and his sworn obligation to see that the laws 'faithfully executed.'" "He has used the office of the Presidency to attempt to put himself above the law." The United Mine Workers union also urged that Nixon resign or be impeached.

Moreover, despite two weeks of hearings before Federal Judge John J. Sirica, White House lawyers and witnesses failed to allay doubts that two of the President's subpoenaed tapes never existed. Indeed, a TIME-Yankelovich poll shows that 55% of Americans do not believe the President's story on the missing tapes and, more vitally, less than half the public wants him to continue in office (*see story page 25*). TIME has also learned that there is deep concern within the White House that other documents sought by Watergate prosecutors will turn out to be missing. Most suspect are the loosely guarded papers of former aides, particularly

H.R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman.

Other difficulties for the President are building. Federal Judge Gerhard A. Gesell is preparing an order that will declare the firing of Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox to have been illegal. The judge presumably will rule that the dismissal violated regulations instituted by former Attorney General Elliot Richardson. The decision, in a suit initiated by Consumer Advocate Ralph Nader and pressed by three members of Congress, will not lead to the reinstatement of Cox, but will represent a judicial scolding of the President.

A White House aide conceded that there is great worry that some of Nixon's former associates may turn against him to save themselves from possible jail sentences. Most feared, he said, are Egil Krogh Jr., who last week filed suit for access to Ellsberg burglary papers still sequestered in the White House, and former Attorney General John Mitchell.

New Discourse. While such judicial hurdles still lay ahead, one unfinished bit of Watergate court business was cleared up. Judge Sirica gave the six original Watergate burglars and wiretappers sentences far lighter than the 35 to 40 years he had provisionally imposed on most of them; he apparently was satisfied that they had told whatever they knew about the crimes. Minimum sentences ranging from one to 2½ years were given to E. Howard Hunt Jr., James McCord Jr., Bernard Barker, Frank Sturgis, Virgilio Gonzalez and Eugenio Martinez. (G. Gordon Liddy, who has been totally uncooperative with investigators, is serving a minimum six-year, eight-month sentence.)

As the legal machinery continued to deal with Watergate, the national debate turned with surprising swiftness to a new level of discourse. It centered less on whether Nixon should remain in office than on which would be the less harmful means of his removal: resigna-

THE NATION

tion or impeachment and trial (*see box*).

New calls for resignation came from such diverse sources as Massachusetts' Republican Senator Edward Brooke, the Detroit *News*, the New York *Times* and the Denver *Post*. "The Right Report," an ultraconservative Washington newsletter, claimed: "Conservatives are in almost unanimous agreement that President Richard Nixon should not be impeached, but a significant majority wishes he would resign—after Representative Gerald Ford has been confirmed as Vice President." Argued the *Times*: "He has been trying to 'tough it out' for too long at too great a cost to the nation. As long as he clings to office, he keeps the presidency swamped in a sea of scandal and the American public in a morass of concern and confusion."

Discarding Tradition. Yet resignation as a resolution of the crisis was also sharply challenged as going beyond the Constitution and allowing too many uncertainties to remain about the precise nature of the President's transgressions. Among those making the point was Republican Senator Howard Baker, vice chairman of the Senate Watergate committee, who said that to suggest resignation was "to discard the American tradition, indeed the English tradition, of the presumption of innocence."

One of the nation's most influential conservative columnists, James J. Kilpatrick, also rejected resignation, but urged the House to impeach. "The time

WALTER BENNETT



SENATOR BARRY GOLDWATER
A solemn debate.

STEVE NORTHUP



SENATOR GEORGE AIKEN

discharge the powers and duties of said office..." Some of the preference for impeachment comes not only from conservatives but from Nixon's old enemies. And some of the latter seem motivated more by a desire to punish the President than to reach a resolution of an intolerable crisis in Government.

As the pressure grew, Nixon at week's end turned from the energy crisis to take specific steps to check the adverse flow of opinion. He was getting a wide range of friendly advice that the time had come to lay his cards on the table, but it was not clear what he could do—or what good it would do at this late hour. Still, he summoned top Republican members of Congress to the

Impeach or Resign: Voices in a Historic Controversy

Should President Nixon resign? Should he be impeached? Or what should he do to prevent either? Last week those once unthinkable questions were argued in a solemn and unique national debate. Excerpts from the most notable opinions:

SENATOR PETER H. DOMINICK, Conservative Republican from Colorado: There can be no more deals and no more technical arguments about evidence. Nothing short of complete disclosure will be adequate to restore the confidence of the American people. The President should divulge everything he has personal knowledge of and should permit complete access to all tapes, papers, files, documents and memoranda which have been requested by the Senate Watergate Committee and the special prosecutor. I am reluctant to talk about impeachment, but the genie is already out of the bottle, and it cannot be put back in. The confidence of the American people cannot be restored until the impeachment question is disposed of, and this must be done as quickly as possible.

SENATOR BARRY GOLDWATER, Conservative Republican from Arizona: Let's not jump up and say impeach. Let's not jump up and say resign. Right now there is no evidence the President has done

anything wrong. I think the only way he has out now would be to show up some morning at the Ervin committee and say, "Here I am, Sam. What do you want to know?"

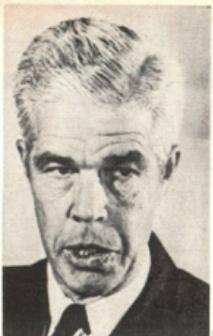
SENATOR EDWARD BROOKE, Liberal Republican from Massachusetts: I do not think that the country can stand the trauma that it has been going through for the past months. It has been like a nightmare and I know that he doesn't want to hurt the country, and I certainly don't want to prejudice the case. He might not be guilty of any impeachable offense. On the other hand, there is no question that President Nixon has lost his effectiveness as the leader of this country, primarily because he has lost the confidence of the people, and I think, therefore, that in the interests of this nation that he loves that he should step down, should tender his resignation.

SENATOR GEORGE AIKEN, Moderate Republican from Vermont: The White House has handled its domestic troubles with such relentless incompetence that those of us who would like to help have been like swimmers searching for a way out of the water only to run into one slippery rock after another. [But] those who call for the President's resignation on the

ground that he has lost their confidence risk poisoning the wells of politics for years to come. The men who wrote our Constitution were fully aware how waves of emotionalism, if given an easy electoral outlet, could reduce any political system to anarchy. To ask the President now to resign, and thus relieve the Congress of its clear congressional duty, amounts to a declaration of incompetence on the part of the Congress.

It is the President's duty to his country not to resign. It is the clear duty of the House, through whatever procedures it chooses, to frame a charge of impeachment and to set itself a deadline for the task. If a charge is framed and voted, the Senate's clear duty is to proceed in a trial with all deliberate speed. May I now pass on to this Congress advice which I received from a fellow Vermonter: "Either impeach him or get off his back."

THE REV. BILLY GRAHAM: I think if he totally levels with the people and admits that mistakes and blunders have been made, a great deal of the moral authority and credibility can be restored, but not all of it. Democracy must have a moral basis. If a criminal act has taken place and he is guilty, then he should be impeached. If you are going to have a democracy, you've got to take the people



SENATOR PETER DOMINICK

White House and talked to them spiritedly about his Watergate problems for nearly two hours. Representative John B. Anderson, chairman of the House Republican Conference, said that he was "very much encouraged" by the meeting. Nixon, he said, had indicated that he would make some public accounting of what is on his subpoenaed tapes after they have been screened by Judge Sirica and given to the Watergate grand jury. Nixon has also invited the 28 members of a national Republican "coordinating committee," convened by Republican National Chairman George Bush, to meet with him this week to discuss the impact of the scandal and how to try to shore up his shaky presidency.

into your confidence. You have to sit down and be friends with people who don't agree with you. This is a part of leadership. I pray for the President. I cry for him. If he asked me for spiritual advice, I'd give it to him. But he hasn't.

CLAIRE BOOTH LUCE: If the President is innocent of the allegations made by the press, the press should not force him to resign. If he is guilty, the Constitution provides the way for bringing him to justice in the due process of impeachment and trial. The President is not above the law, but he is not below it either. He has his rights like any other citizen to his day in court. The press has insisted repeatedly that Watergate has brought about a constitutional crisis. The way through that crisis is the way provided by the Constitution. The people, through their representatives, alone have the right to try and judge a President and throw him out of office if he is found to be guilty.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL: The appeal of resignation is precisely that it requires no charge, no evidence, no investigation, no due process, no specific grounds. Is that the kind of constitutional precedent we want to set? We doubt that our institutions ought to evolve toward changing Presidents with every change in the public mood. The House of Representatives ought to proceed

THE TAPES

Now a White House Inaudibility Gap

The confident White House lawyers had expected to clear up all doubts in about three hours of testimony. But as the second week of the unusual fact-finding hearings in Federal Judge John J. Sirica's Washington courtroom ended, the astonishing White House claim that two of the President's subpoenaed tapes had never existed remained a matter of controversy. Each time the battery of White House lawyers closed one testimonial gap, a new one opened.

The extraordinary drama pitted an experienced team of White House attorneys against two aggressive 30-year-olds from the special prosecutor's staff. Most of the tough questions were posed by Richard Ben-Veniste, a brash, curly haired lawyer with an imposing recall of past Watergate-related testimony. Last week, when the President's feisty personal secretary Rose Mary Woods (*see box following page*) was called, the questions were asked by Jill Vollmer, an attractive miniskirted attorney whose queries were delivered with a gentle touch.

The testimony demonstrated again that President Nixon was speaking most loosely when he assured the Senate Watergate committee last July that the tapes are "under my sole personal con-

with its impeachment investigation. If grounds for impeachment are found, so be it. But we are suspicious indeed of having a President forced from office in some extra-constitutional manner.

THE WASHINGTON POST: It seems to us that the case for resignation is not necessarily overwhelmingly stronger than the case for impeachment. For those who cry "resign" are asking Mr. Nixon to leave office without a formal, final resolution of allegations that have been, or might be, made against him. A President cannot be exonerated, as he were some unwholesome spirit, merely repeating the incantation, "Resign!"

NEW YORK TIMES COLUMNIST TOM WICKER: The clamor for Richard Nixon's resignation is suddenly so deafening that it may drown out good sense and overwhelm due process. It risks a rush to decision rather than an exercise of judgment, and it proposes a constitutional short cut when the primary problem is that the Constitution already has been too often slighted or ignored.

Resignation would in no way resolve the question of Mr. Nixon's guilt or innocence; it would not even leave a clear sense of what the charges were, or should have been. Resignation might well insure rather than prevent continuing suspicion and bitterness in American politics. Mr. Nixon is as entitled to a day

trial." Miss Woods had listened to some of the recordings at the White House, at Camp David and at Key Biscayne. H.R. Haldeman, Nixon's former chief of staff, received a bundle of tapes at an aide's home in Maryland and took them to his Georgetown residence. Once described by a White House official as being stored in the residential section of the White House, the tapes were now said to be kept in the Executive Office Building under the supervision of John C. Bennett, an assistant to Nixon's chief of staff, General Alexander Haig.

Bennett, a retired major general who took over custody of the tapes from the Secret Service after the existence of the recording system was revealed last July, sounded militarily meticulous in testimony about his tape-guarding role. He placed notes of tape withdrawals in envelopes in his office safe and sealed them in such a way that "I would know if they had been opened." He also placed "two keys" to another safe that held the tapes in similar envelopes. Bennett seemed incredulous when Ben-Veniste recalled that Secret Service men had claimed that there were three keys. Asked if he could be entirely certain that all tapes returned were identical to those that had been withdrawn, Bennett re-

in court as any man; he is entitled to judgment on the merits of his case, not to an assumption that he looks too guilty to govern.

NEW YORK TIMES COLUMNIST ANTHONY LEWIS: It is an illusion to believe that trials settle all doubts; history is full of cases to the contrary. How much more likely such a result would be in the impeachment of a President. There would always be a body of opinion doubting any verdict. Moreover, the very White House tactics that have obstructed the judicial search for truth about the crimes of this Administration would doubtless go on in impeachment. What is involved here is not a narrow, legalistic question of guilt. The United States faces a crisis of confidence in its President. The resolution of that crisis, whether by impeachment or resignation, will be a political act. The Constitution does not command either course; it explicitly envisages both.

President Nixon, of course, cannot be forced to resign; that decision is up to him. But if he should change his mind and decide to heal his country's wounds more speedily by resignation, no true consideration of legitimacy would demand that the United States go through the further trial of impeachment. Begin the process, yes; go on if we must. But to insist on impeachment would seem less like statesmanship than masochism.

THE NATION

plied candidly: "Nope. No way." Haldeman added a new puzzle. He said that he had requested a single recording on April 25 (of the March 21 talk between Nixon and John Dean), but Ben-Veniste noted that White House records indicated that he was given 22 tapes. Haldeman agreed with the record and said that the number of tapes he got was not surprising, although he could not explain it. (At least 25 times in the course of his three-hour testimony, he used the phrase "I do not remember" or "I do not recall.") He said that he returned all of the tapes on April 27 or 28, and was "very surprised" to learn that the Secret Service did not log them as returned until May 2. Haldeman also indicated that he thought his former White House colleague John Ehrlichman knew about the President's recording setup well before it was mentioned in public testimony; Ehrlichman had testified flatly at the Watergate hearings that he did not know.

The most disturbing testimony, however, centered on the possibility that the tapes that do exist may prove to be of such poor quality that key portions may be inaudible. No less than seven microphones, for example, had been hidden in the President's Oval Office, and noises near any one of them apparently could obscure spoken words. When a china coffee cup was placed on Nixon's desk, said Haldeman, it became "an ear-splitting problem for anyone listening to the tapes." Smiling, he turned to Judge Sirica, who is expected eventually to hear seven of the tapes, and said, "I warn you in advance," Sirica smiled too.

Very Dull. Miss Woods, answering calmly but testily, said that she had labored for more than 31 hours to type a transcript of the contents of a single 90-minute recording ("A very dull tape, frankly," she said). At first she had no foot pedal to start and stop the playback machine. "I don't think anyone knows what a hard job this is," she said. Overall, she claimed, the "quality was very poor." When the President put his feet on her desk, it sounded "like a bomb hitting you in the face. Boom!" Sometimes Nixon whistled, sometimes four people talked at once. She said that it was impossible for her to catch every word, "and I don't believe anyone else could either."

That was the first hint that the tapes might prove unreliable. Alexander Butterfield, the former White House aide who had first revealed the system's existence, had told the Senate Watergate committee that the microphones picked up conversations in Nixon's two main offices with great clarity; even "low tones," he said, were audible.

As last week's sessions proceeded, Judge Sirica warned that no inferences should be drawn until technical experts analyze the various claims about the tapes. "This may well be the most important and conclusive part of these hearings," he said. Both sides are now preparing for technical testimony.



ROSE MARY WOODS & BOSS WORKING IN OVAL OFFICE (1971)

Rose Woods: The Fifth Nixon

When Rose Mary Woods met Richard Nixon in 1947, she was a secretary for a House committee studying the Marshall Plan and he was a freshman Congressman serving as a committee member. She noticed him because, after a committee junket to Europe, Nixon turned in the only expense account "titled, totaled, signed and all properly done."

Miss Woods obviously made an impression on Representative Nixon as well. In 1951, after he had gone to the Senate, he asked her to become his personal secretary. Now 55, Rose Woods has held that position (now elevated in title to executive assistant to the President) ever since. She is on such intimate terms with all of the First Family, in fact, that she is often called "the fifth Nixon."

Miss Woods' cruel working hours and scant personal life have gradually been rewarded with increased responsibilities, a staff of her own (three sub-secretaries work in her office) and occasionally a chance to influence the thinking of the President. Nixon is said to regard her as a shrewd judge of politics.

Her most important clout is in helping exercise the gatekeeper function of deciding who should get through to the Boss—and woe to anyone who tries to interfere with her preserve. Among those who did early in the Nixon Administration was White House Chief of Staff H.R. Haldeman, who tried but failed to proclaim his total control over the White House staff by having her office moved farther away from Nixon's.

The third of five children born to an Irish-American family in Se-

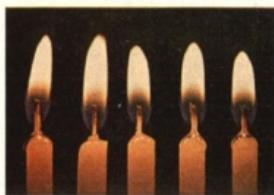
bring, Ohio (pop. 5,000), she remains especially close to Brother Joseph, a member of Illinois' Cook County board of commissioners. After joining Nixon's staff, she began to share in no small way the ups and downs of his career. A member of the vice-presidential motorcade that was stoned by Venezuelan Communists in 1958, Rose quickly donned dark glasses "so those people wouldn't see me cry." In California, after Nixon's losing presidential race in 1960, she bought a convertible and began to live a more relaxed West Coast life. Then, when Nixon joined a New York law firm, it was another unquestioning move and a cozy Manhattan apartment. In Washington, she bought a co-op in, of all places, the Watergate complex.

Fiercely loyal to Nixon, she has dressed down more than one newsman for stories that were critical of him; last week, asked by a reporter if she still considered Nixon an honest man, she replied in her best Irish temper: "That is a rude, impertinent question. And the answer is yes." But she is normally good-humored, especially during the occasional evenings of ballroom dancing and other social affairs that she loves. Though she has never married, a regular on the party circuit says that "she has gone out with lots of fellows." Other evenings, including many Thanksgivings and Christmases, are spent at quiet family dinners with the Nixons. Yet all these bonds of closeness have still not completely solved the enigma of her boss. "After 22 years, I still don't know Richard Nixon," Rose recently confided to a friend. "I don't think anybody does."

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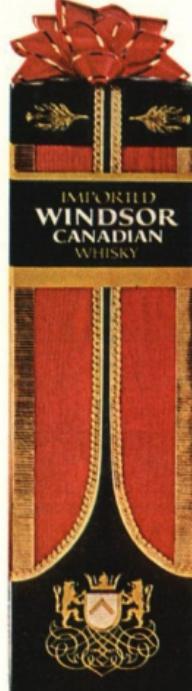
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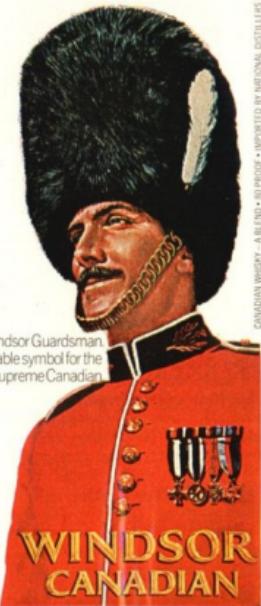
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TIME POLL

How the Public Feels About Nixon and Watergate Now

Last August, most Americans (60%) wanted President Nixon to stay in office; now, just fewer than half (49%) do. At the same time, the number who want Nixon to resign has increased from 20% to 29%, but those who want him impeached have held steady at 10%, chiefly because three out of five Americans fear that impeachment would tear the country apart. Nonetheless, close to 43% would favor holding a special presidential election in 1974, if that were possible.

Those conclusions were drawn from a nationwide telephone poll of 778 adults conducted for TIME over two days last week by Daniel Yankelovich Inc. For purposes of comparison, the questions covered somewhat the same areas as a Yankelovich poll taken for TIME in August. Allowing for a 3% sampling error,

Do you personally feel that all the talk about resignation or impeachment of President Nixon is a serious matter or likely to blow over?

Serious	62%
Blow over	34%
Not sure	4%

In connection with Watergate, do you feel that President Nixon has been acting as if he were above the law, or do you feel personally that he has been acting within his rights?

Above the law	47%
Within his rights	42%
Not sure	11%

Do you feel that Mr. Nixon has violated his promise to the American people to

that he has been involved in financial wrongdoing or not?

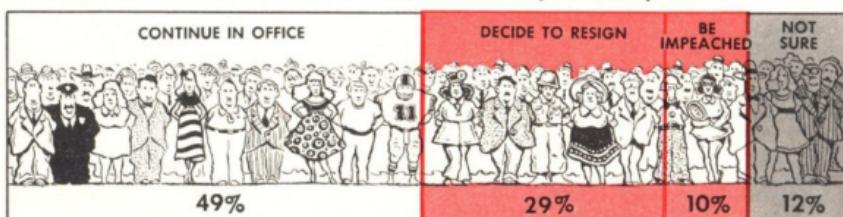
Yes	50%
No	31%
Not sure	19%

If Mr. Nixon were to resign, would you be satisfied to have Congressman George Ford, the Republican minority leader, as President, dissatisfied, or doesn't it make any difference to you?

Satisfied	38%
Dissatisfied	24%
No difference	17%
Not sure	21%

Would you be satisfied or dissatisfied to have Carl Albert, the Democratic Speaker of the House of Representatives, as

Would you like to see Nixon continue in office, decide to resign, or be impeached?



TIME Chart by M. Witte

the results can be projected to the total adult population of the U.S. Further questions and answers:

Do you think that the President knew about or participated in the cover-up of Watergate?

Knew	68%
Didn't know	18%
Not sure	14%

The proportion of people who believe Nixon knew about the cover-up—or helped in it—has increased by eight percentage points since the last survey for TIME, but among Republicans it has been dramatic, going from 37% in August to 52% now.

Would you have more confidence that the whole truth about Watergate will come out if the new special prosecutor appointed by the President is in charge, or if Congress were to appoint its own special Watergate prosecutor?

Nixon's special prosecutor	12%
Congress's special prosecutor	64%
No difference	10%
Won't know truth in any case	4%
Not sure	10%

get to the bottom of the Watergate affair, or do you feel that he is keeping his promise?

Violating his promise	56%
Keeping his promise	32%
Not sure	12%

As far as the missing tapes are concerned, do you feel that Mr. Nixon is telling the truth that the tapes were not made, or do you feel he is trying to cover up his personal involvement in Watergate?

Telling the truth	25%
Trying to cover up	55%
Not sure	20%

Nixon's credibility has dropped substantially. In August, of those who had heard or read about his Aug. 15 television speech on Watergate, some 39% thought he was telling the truth and 14% were not sure. Not surprisingly, in last week's survey, Democrats believed his explanation about the tapes least—some 15%, compared with 46% of the Republicans.

Questions have been raised about Mr. Nixon's personal finances. Do you feel

President, or doesn't it make any difference to you?

Satisfied	22%
Dissatisfied	34%
No difference	22%
Not sure	22%

Last August, by better than two to one (53% to 25%), the American public was dissatisfied with the idea of having Spiro T. Agnew as President if Nixon were to resign. In sharp contrast, 35% of the Democrats and 46% of the Republicans would be satisfied to have Ford succeed to the White House, and only 26% of the Democrats and 16% of the Republicans would be dissatisfied. Indeed, a greater number of Democrats would rather see Ford as President than Albert, a state of affairs that Yankelovich analysts ascribe to the public sentiment that no partisan advantage should be taken of Watergate. Only 29% of the Democrats and 17% of the Republicans said that they would be satisfied with Albert as a successor.

Just before President Nixon's 1972 re-election triumph, a TIME-Yankelovich Poll found that 58% of the public felt that things were going well in the country; 42% thought that they were go-

THE NATION

ing badly or were not sure. Last week the findings were:

How do you feel that things are going in the country these days?

Very well	3%
Fairly well	24%
Pretty badly	43%
Very badly	29%
No answer	1%

And how are things going in your own personal life?

Very well	45%
Fairly well	46%
Pretty badly	6%
Very badly	2%
No answer	1%

These results indicate that nothing has happened to relieve the general mood of public despair. Nor have Americans' opinions about how well things are going in their personal lives changed significantly. Putting this seeming paradox together with answers to other questions, Yankelovich analysts conclude that Americans are "undoubtedly leary" of any change, like impeachment, that could upset their own personal sense of well being.

The public obviously believes that some attempt is being made to manipulate Watergate for political advantage. Roughly half of those interviewed, ranging from 63% of the Republicans to 35% of the Democrats, feel that talk of impeachment or resignation is "partisan politics, unfair and irresponsible." Moreover, the country is evenly divided over Nixon's accusation that the press coverage of him and his Administration has been seriously distorted; 44% agree, 45% do not.

Clearly, Watergate has eroded the public's confidence in Nixon's fitness as leader of the country. Last August, two out of three thought that his ability to govern had been seriously damaged, but 55% still believed that he was the best man for the office. Now only 43% think so, and nearly three out of four think that Watergate has injured his ability to govern. Moreover, his foreign policy skill no longer overwhelmingly makes up for Watergate in the public mind. Those interviewed who think that Nixon's impeachment or resignation would seriously hurt U.S. foreign relations have dropped nine percentage points, to 63%.

Increasingly, the public believes that the country's condition would improve more rapidly if Nixon left the White House. One out of four Americans agreed with that assessment last August; now 33% do. Still more Americans (49%, compared with 60% last August), however, do not think that Nixon's leaving office would have any fundamental effect on how fast things improve. That indicates the depth of the public malaise over Watergate and the erosion of confidence in politicians and government generally.



"Hurry Sir . . ."

VICE PRESIDENCY

Growing in Stature

The Senators and Congressmen who know Jerry Ford well—and there are scores who do—never really questioned his integrity as a man or a politician when the hearings began to confirm his nomination as Vice President. But real doubts remained on both sides of Capitol Hill about Ford's independence of mind and, more important, his strength and vision as a leader if he should ever become President.

Last week, obviously convinced that they were dealing with an honest man, the members of the Senate's Rules Committee turned from the subject of Ford's finances and questioned him at length about his views on Watergate and his concept of the presidency. By answering with candor, Ford not only revealed some important differences between himself and the President, but obviously gained new stature in the eyes of the Senators. His key points:

► While he personally remained convinced of the President's innocence in Watergate and related matters, Ford nonetheless believed that Nixon should forthwith produce whatever documents are necessary to exonerate himself. Said Ford: "Whatever doubts there are must be cleared up."

► Acknowledging that he "fully understood" the decision of Elliot Richardson to resign as Attorney General after the dismissal of Archibald Cox, Ford said: "He felt that a commitment had been made. I assume that if I were in that position I would probably do the same."

► When the FBI quickly moved in to seal off Cox's office after he had been fired, Ford admitted: "It shocked my sensibilities."

► Far from criticizing the press for its coverage of Watergate, Ford said that newsmen were "the most significant contributors" to the exposure of the scandal. Ford said he could not imagine himself making a "hard-line speech"



NOMINEE FORD AT SENATE HEARING
Tough questions head-on.

attacking journalists, much less trying to intimidate them, as some White House staffers had done, by advocating the punitive use of antitrust laws or the Internal Revenue Service.

► If he became President, Ford promised, he would regularly seek advice from Congress and the members of his Cabinet—an indirect rebuke to the President, who often consulted neither, relying instead upon his own staff.

► Asked to define his concept of the presidency, Ford said: "I think the President has to be a person of great truth, and the American people have to believe that he is truthful. I think that the President has to lead by example, displaying the standards, morally, ethically and otherwise, by which most Americans live their lives."

When Ford was done testifying, West Virginia's Robert Byrd, the assistant leader of the Democrats in the Senate, declared: "I think your answers have been open-handed and frank. You have met some tough questions head-

on, and I want to commend you."

The committee hopes to vote this week to endorse Ford, allowing the Senate to confirm his nomination before the Thanksgiving recess. Over on the House side, the Judiciary Committee expects to start its hearings this week, hoping to make its recommendation in early December. There is not much doubt about the outcome. About the only critical word came from Texas Representative George Mahon, who observed that while Ford could hit a golf ball a country mile, his short game left something to be desired.

INVESTIGATIONS

A Test for Jaworski

When the Nixon Administration named Leon Jaworski to succeed Archibald Cox as the special Watergate prosecutor, the most skeptical people in Washington were the experts who would be working for the new man, the staff that Cox himself had assembled. Several key members of the 80-man unit said privately that they would resign if Jaworski did not vigorously pursue Cox's work, letting the indictments fall where they may. Last week the Watergate staffers had their first chance to take a hard, appraising look at their new boss. Their verdict, somewhat to their own surprise, was one of approval, at least for the moment. Said one appreciative senior member of the force: "Everything we have put in front of him so far has signed."

Jaworski and Cox could hardly be more different in personal styles. A proper Bostonian, Cox, 61, is reserved, with flashes of arrogance; Jaworski, 68, is an expansive Texan, much warmer

and more approachable. Jaworski soon showed that he is as devoted to hard work as Cox, plunging into long meetings with lawyers and investigators, obviously anxious to dispel any suspicions that he had taken the job to call off the hounds. "Press on," Jaworski said repeatedly. "Make your own judgments."

When he went up to the Hill to testify against the need for Congress to pass legislation calling for a court-appointed prosecutor, Jaworski sounded like a man determined to dig just as deep as Archie Cox had tried to. He told a House judiciary subcommittee that he had taken on the job only after receiving "what I consider the most solemn and substantial assurances of my absolute independence." That independence not only included asking for any tapes or other material he wanted, but also suing the President if they were not forthcoming. True, admitted Jaworski, he had been given these assurances not by the President but by White House Chief of Staff Alexander Haig, who had made the pledges more than once. "Maybe I'm naive," said Jaworski, "but I accepted those assurances in good faith."

If the White House did go back on its word, Jaworski said, he would report to eight congressional leaders (four Democratic, four Republican), the same men who, under the terms of his hiring, would have to approve by "a substantial majority" any efforts by the President to fire him.

Jaworski should soon know how good the White House promises are. He has already sent off two letters requesting presidential material, including some information about the activities of the White House "plumbbers," the commando group that carried out such nefarious activities as wiretapping and the burglary of the office of Daniel Ellsberg's

DAVID HUME KENNEDY



WATERGATE PROSECUTOR LEON JAWORSKI (CENTER) MEETING WITH TOP STAFFERS
Will the new man insist upon plumbing the plumbbers?

psychiatrist. No less a knowledgeable source than John Ehrlichman has publicly admitted that not all of the plumbers' capers have been disclosed.

In the future, TIME has learned, Jaworski's staff will insist that he ask the White House for full information about the plumbers and, moreover, that he fight the case all the way to the Supreme Court if the President does not hand over the information.

If Jaworski refuses to request the full files on the plumbers or ducks a test in court, his staffers are almost certain to tell the story to the media, and many of them are also expected to quit—resignations that could seriously compound the crisis of Richard Nixon.

THE SENATE

A Sense of Strain

At one brief point during the past summer, even former Attorney General Elliot L. Richardson came to question President Nixon's mental condition. In his characteristically elegant, self-assured tones, Richardson told the Senate Judiciary Committee last week: "There was a period around early July when I felt the President showed considerable sense of strain."

He described how Nixon angrily telephoned from Key Biscayne, Fla., to demand that Archibald Cox, who was then Special Watergate Prosecutor, publicly deny news accounts that he was investigating the President's financing of his San Clemente, Calif., estate. Said Richardson: "The President was certainly wrought up over that."

Over the ensuing months, White House aides repeatedly relayed presidential complaints to Richardson about the scope of Cox's wide-ranging probes. Said Richardson: "There was a feeling in the White House on the part of the President and his staff that this was a ravenous beast whose appetite was inexhaustible." Then, in late September, Nixon said something to his Attorney General about wanting to "get rid" of Cox. "I didn't take it very seriously," Richardson recalled. "I thought it was just a general expression of irritation." In mid-October, however, Richardson had become convinced that Nixon was out to get Cox and decided to resign if the special prosecutor was fired. Less than a week later, the Saturday Night Massacre took place.

Since that night, Richardson has spent much of his time at his vacation home in Eastham on Cape Cod, where he has boated and fished. Dressed in a pin-striped suit, he testified in the second week of the committee's hearing on bills to set up an independent Watergate prosecutor. During lulls in the questioning, his eyes were focused on the intricate owl and sunflower he was doodling on notebook paper, but his advice was directed to the Senators: 1) enact legislation requiring Senate con-

THE NATION

firmation of Nixon's choice as special Watergate prosecutor, and 2) hold up the confirmation of Senator William Saxbe as Attorney General until the President promises to release all evidence requested by the prosecutor.

Most members of the Senate committee, as well as those on a House Judiciary Subcommittee, which was also holding hearings on the same subject, prefer a bill that would have the courts appoint the special prosecutor. That would make the prosecutor independent of the Democratic-controlled Congress as well as of the White House. But Richardson and other witnesses before the committees disputed the measure's constitutionality, arguing that only the Executive Branch is empowered to authorize and conduct prosecutions. Dean Roger C. Crumpton of the Cornell Law

DAVID HUME KENNEDY



RICHARDSON & SENATOR JOHN TUNNEY
Doodles and testimony.

School warned that the measure could lead to another year of court battles before the constitutional question was settled. He recommended that Congress instead censure Nixon for "breach of faith" in firing Cox and give the President a chance to "resign honorably."

The Congressmen seemed far more interested in adopting a compromise measure that would allow Nixon to appoint the prosecutor, with Senate confirmation, but permit the President to fire him only for gross improprieties. If the President's nominee were not confirmed within 30 days, the proposal provides that the court would appoint the special prosecutor. Some even thought that an agreement might be worked out with Nixon so that he would not veto the bill.

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDNEY

Laboring Around the Vacuum

It was 8 a.m. and cold in the Maryland mountains when Roy Ash, director of the Office of Management and Budget, walked into Laurel Cottage at Camp David, normally the President's work retreat. On this morning Nixon was in Florida, and his troop of budget experts had moved in.

In his plaid wool shirt, Ash looked deceptively casual. He sat at the head of the walnut conference table. In front of him was a five-page agenda for two full days of work. "Gentlemen," Ash said quietly to the 14 men, "let's get going. We have a budget to prepare." That first session lasted seven hours. It was the same the next day—isolating the trouble spots like the massive defense expenditures, then hammering them back into place, billion by billion, even by millions.

Last Thursday, when most Washingtonians were just pulling themselves out of bed, Kenneth Cole Jr., head of the President's Domestic Council, was huddled with his staff in the Roosevelt Room of the White House. Steaming cups of coffee were on the table to help jolt the men to full alert. The Alaska pipeline bill up before the Congress was the urgent subject—how to speed its passage, shear off extraneous amendments. There was optimism in the Roosevelt Room in that first light, the force of the President's energy statement still fresh.

Not many hours before, Melvin Laird, Nixon's utility political aide, had been on the Hill, his favorite ground. His pace down the corridors was casual, as it used to be when he was a Congressman. His manner was as easy as ever—a minute to chat with almost anybody, a ready smile, total knowledge and understanding of the day's political tides. Beneath his bald dome was the mind of a fox. "I've got one job," he said over the phone, "to get Jerry Ford confirmed. I figured it wrong, we've run into delays and I'm getting some heat on that. It's not the leadership, it's 25 or 30 committee members who want in on the act. But we're moving."

Half a world away Secretary of State Henry Kissinger was padding up and down the aisle of his Boeing 707 in black leather slippers, coat off, tie pulled down, harrying his staff between stops with Arabs and Jews. The gaunt Joe Sisco was at Kissinger's side. The two drove themselves across seven countries in six days, from banquet hall to conference table to the Sphinx, and then on through the sky as if sheer nerve and speed could reassemble that divided world. "You must not take the temperature every day," Kissinger cautioned his fellow travelers, who were measuring every gesture and word (like Morocco's King Hassan walking Kissinger back to his villa after midnight). "We'll know better in a few days."

Back on Pennsylvania Avenue in the Executive Office Building, lights burned through the night in John Love's energy section as his frantic crew, in an ironclad expenditure of human and electrical reserve, fought to bring order out of the energy chaos. Governor Love pulled on his Winstons and admitted that the country faced a real crisis.

All over Washington concerned men of ability and good will were coming together in a common cause, trying to reassemble the broken spirit and get things moving again. One vital element was still missing. The feel of a President. He is the only force that can finally bring order out of chaos, can weld the small circles of effort into the bigger whole that can lift the nation out of its misery and guide it back to confidence.

Successful Presidents have done it with their presence alone, with some special personal quality. The Roosevelt men still around town remember how his confidence infused his Administration and spread to a frightened country. "He feared nothing," Lyndon Johnson once marveled. Harry Truman's guts and good sense were a bed of granite on which his men could always find their footing. "The captain with the mighty heart," the towering and impeccable Ivy League Dean Acheson called the little guy from Missouri. And Ike's decency ran through his whole eight-year stewardship. "You knew you were supposed to do what was right," said a former aide. "Nobody had to ask what that was."

The continuing tragedy of Richard Nixon is that he remains a curtailed and remote figure, his spare hours given to faraway idles with his friends Robert Abplanalp and Bebe Rebozo, two men noted for their own mysterious aloofness from American society. Nixon's working hours are episodes of loneliness and removal, strung together by cardboard ceremonies. The pulse of the presidency is desperately weak. Either Nixon won't do anything about it or, worse, can't.

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FOREIGN RELATIONS

Limiting the Power to Wage War

The nation's profound and still unfinished soul-searching for the lessons of Viet Nam last week produced one historic result. In a vote that overrode Richard Nixon's angry veto of the measure last month, both houses of Congress passed severe limitations on the power of U.S. Presidents to wage war without congressional assent. Barring any Supreme Court decision that it is unconstitutional, the new law will force future Commanders in Chief to win specific authorization from the Legislative Branch to engage U.S. troops in foreign combat for more than 90 days. In theory, at least, the war-powers resolution of 1973 reclaims for Congress some of the authority to commit the nation to battle that has been pre-empted by the Executive Branch almost since the beginning of the republic.

Under the new law, a President who orders troops into action abroad or "substantially" increases the number of foreign-based U.S. troops equipped for combat must report the reason for his action to Congress within 48 hours. Congress could then rescind his order at any time by passing resolutions, which are not subject to White House veto, in both houses. Even if such resolutions are not forthcoming, the President must halt the operation after 60 days unless it has been approved by Congress, though he could prolong it another 30 days by certifying that the additional time is necessary for the safe withdrawal of the troops.

New Law. The vote—284 for in the House v. 135 against; a more decisive 75 to 18 in the Senate—overrode a Nixon veto for the first time in 1973. Until this vote, Congress had failed to sustain its will over the President's on nine other measures this year. Political analysts were quick to read into the override a new low in Nixon's authority. While such a drop has undoubtedly occurred, a more important reason for this particular congressional victory was a far-reaching consensus, even among some of Nixon's supporters, that the sole branch of Government empowered by the Constitution to "declare" war must

somewhat gain control over the presidential power to wage undeclared wars.

Among both the law's defenders and its opponents, some highly unlikely political coalitions sprouted. Its sponsors in the Senate included New York's Jacob Javits, a highly vocal dove in Viet Nam's latter years, and Armed Services Committee Chairman John Stennis, an unabashed hawk. Both men agreed in this instance that Presidents Johnson and Nixon arrogantly evaded their responsibility to consult with Congress about Viet Nam. The measure's opponents included Vice President-designate Gerald Ford, who argued that it would damage the President's "credibility" in handling international crises like the current Middle East conflict. Also opposing Liberal Democrat Thomas Eagleton, who offered the interesting thesis that the 90-day provision gives a President more rather than less war-making authority than he has always possessed under the Constitution, by permitting him to undertake military adventures for even that long.

In his veto message, Nixon had claimed that the bill is unconstitutional because it would "take away, by a mere legislative act, authorities which the President has properly exercised under the Constitution for almost 200 years." Proponents of that view contend that the President's constitutional designation as Commander in Chief and the foreign policy responsibilities assigned to him amply demonstrate that the founding fathers intended that the Chief Executive use decisive, independent military power when necessary. As a practical matter, Nixon continued, under the new law "we may well have been unable to respond" in the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, the Congo rescue operation in 1964 and other international crises that called for strong U.S. action. Moreover, he charged, the restrictions "give every future Congress the ability to handcuff every future President merely by doing nothing and sitting still," since the Chief Executive needs specific approval to con-

tinue operations past the 90-day mark.

Nixon failed to note that most of the specific "crises" to which he referred, including the current one in the Middle East, ended or substantially abated in well under 90 days. Congress could thus have influenced U.S. policy in them only by a direct vote ordering him to stand down—which is hardly sitting still. In an age of nuclear confrontation, all too much decisiveness can occur within 90 minutes, much less 90 days, and the war-powers resolution does not seem to diminish the President's necessary power to respond to superpower challenges. As for whether the measure might unwittingly extend presidential war powers, Javits convincingly argues in his recently published book, *Who Makes War* (TIME, Nov. 12), that the precedent for executive activism is well established in real life, whatever the strict constitutional limits.

Same Pressure. The main question, in fact, is whether the new war-powers law will prove to be any more effective than previous attempts to curb the military powers of what historians are coming to call the modern imperial presidency. In the Viet Nam War, Javits and others who opposed U.S. policy unhappily voted in favor of White House-sponsored appropriation bills and other practical measures that had the effect of continuing the fighting. They did so, Javits admits, because no patriotic American could in conscience vote to leave U.S. troops under fire without the weapons and supplies necessary to defend themselves. Legislative opponents of some future presidential intervention would undoubtedly feel some of the same pressure once U.S. fighting men had been committed, even for a few weeks, and conceivably could be railroaded into passing the required authorization by a President who skillfully used that argument.

Yet the resolve of Congress to reassert itself in foreign affairs by passing the law—as well as the law itself—may well prove to be a post-Viet Nam watershed. Observed House Majority Leader Thomas P. ("Tip") O'Neill: "If the President can deal with the Arabs, Israelis and the Soviet Union, he ought to be willing to deal with the Congress of the United States."

MARINES LANDING IN SOUTH VIET NAM DURING THE EARLY STAGES OF U.S. INTERVENTION IN INDOCHINA



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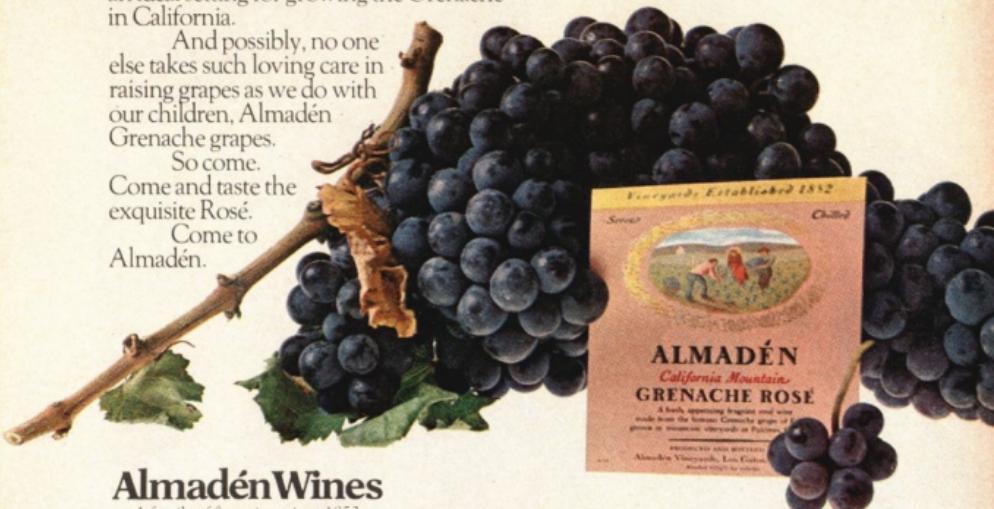
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ELECTIONS

The Democrats Pre-Empt the Middle

Though last week's elections were by and large a Democratic sweep, the victories were not clearly a Watergate windfall. Democrats won in a number of races because the Democratic Party was simply recovering its normal strength among the electorate after the McGovern debacle of 1972. The party picked up the governorship in New Jersey and took control of both houses of the state legislature. Democratic mayors were elected in New York, Minneapolis and Louisville, and black Democrats took over city hall in Detroit, Raleigh, N.C., and Dayton. Democrats swept municipal elections in Connecticut and Kentucky.

In almost every race, local issues and the personalities of the candidates caught the prime attention of the voters. Watergate generally was a secondary, though pervasive issue. More significant in many races was the simple fact that registered Democrats outnumbered Republicans.

Ability to Govern. "Watergate is one narrow issue," declared Robert Strauss, Democratic National Party Chairman. "I think people are more disturbed about leadership, about the ability to govern. There was some fallout from Watergate, but it isn't a panacea. I don't see any national significance."

Watergate was doubtless on the minds of voters who gave Democratic former Judge Brendan T. Byrne a landslide victory over Republican Representative Charles W. Sandman Jr. in the New Jersey gubernatorial election. But there had been considerable scandal closer to home: in the past three years, 78 public officeholders have been indicted by federal grand juries in New Jersey. Sandman, moreover, stood at the far right of the party and admitted: "Watergate didn't help us. Vice President Agnew didn't help us. But I blame nobody but myself. It could be that [the party] didn't choose a better candidate in June."

In the Virginia gubernatorial race, Democrat-turned-Independent Henry Howell made a last-ditch effort to pin the Watergate label on Democrat-turned-Republican Mills E. Godwin. The G.O.P. candidate fought back by stressing the separation of party from White House, and by not bringing President Nixon or any other Republican bigwig into the state. "Watergate was a contrast to the integrity and credibility of our state government here," said Godwin. "This was a plus for me, offsetting the negative factors of Watergate."

But Watergate seemed to be a divisive factor in Philadelphia, where a notable Republican incumbent, District Attorney Arlen Specter, 43, was defeated

by a Democratic virtual unknown, Attorney F. Emmett Fitzpatrick, 43. A popular campaigner who was slated for higher office, Specter had the backing of Philadelphia's Democratic Mayor Frank Rizzo. Both had been ardent supporters of Nixon, and this became a Fitzpatrick asset. On Election Day, Republicans did not get out enough of the vote, while the Democratic machine did its traditional duty; even its entire slate of 39 Court of Common Pleas judgeships was elected. "Watergate had a hell of a



VIRGINIA'S MILLS GODWIN
Watergate not fatal.

lot to do with our defeat," complained Philadelphia G.O.P. Chairman William Devlin. "People stayed home because they're ashamed of the President."

As predicted, Watergate turned people off politics in some areas. While the Virginia gubernatorial race brought out a record number of voters, a smaller number than usual came to the polls in Philadelphia, Miami, Houston and Cleveland. Responding to the chastened, not to say sullen, mood of the electorate, Democratic candidates did not offer extravagant promises or programs. Trying to pick up independent and Republican votes, they steered clear of McGovern-like positions and took Chairman Strauss's advice: "We've got to put back the traditional Democratic strength and pre-empt the middle ground."

Too Complex. Voters were suspicious of grandiose projects proposed by politicians. They turned down California Governor Ronald Reagan's constitutional amendment that would have eventually held state expenditures to 7% of California's total personal income. The 4,500-word initiative was too complex to be understood easily, and its opponents charged that its main effect would be to drive up local property tax-



NEW JERSEY'S BRENDAN BYRNE

es. Reagan's critics regarded the amendment's defeat as a blow to his presidential hopes in 1976. In New York, Governor Nelson Rockefeller's ambitious \$3.5 billion transportation bond issue, which would have provided more funds for mass transit than for highways, was also defeated. The voters were not in any mood, either, to raise the salaries of the politicians. They said a resounding "no" to pay increases for public officials in Washington, Rhode Island and Texas.

The election indicated that the Watergate stain had seeped across the U.S., tarnishing to varying degrees Republican candidates. But it had not generally proved fatal to their chances, nor had it so preoccupied voters that other important issues were ignored.

For a detailed look at the races for Governor and mayor, see the following stories.

Two New Governors

NEW JERSEY: By 2 to 1, the voters backed handsome former Judge Brendan T. Byrne, 49, a newcomer to elective politics. He was unblemished by many layers of political corruption that involved both Democrats and Republicans and helped sink the administration of incumbent Republican Governor William T. Cahill. While Democrat Byrne did not directly link corruption and Watergate to the Republican Party, he repeatedly reminded audiences that an FBI wiretap once recorded a Mafia figure as observing that Byrne could not be bought. The theme of his campaign was "One honest man can make the difference." For the most part, however, he avoided taking clear stands on the major issues.

By contrast, his conservative Repub-

THE NATION

lican opponent, Congressman Charles W. Sandman Jr., 52, declared himself opposed to abortion, a state income tax and busing to integrate schools, and promised to restore capital punishment. But Sandman had badly split the party in his primary upset over Cahill last spring and never won the active support of influential moderates or liberals like Senator Clifford P. Case. In a swing state whose voters traditionally shun extremists, the loss of the middle ground was perhaps more serious than concern with corruption.

The new Governor is a Roman Catholic who neither drinks nor smokes; he has seven children. In public he tends to be stiff and shy. After graduating from Princeton and Harvard (LL.B., '51), he served as an aide to Governor Robert B. Meyner for 3½ years. In 1959 he was appointed prosecutor of Essex County and came to public attention by successfully prosecuting five contractors involved in construction scandals in Newark, as well as Racketeer Anthony ("Tony Boy") Boiardo. He became head of the state's public utilities commission in 1968 and was appointed by Cahill to the Superior Court two years later.

VIRGINIA: It was a classic confrontation between a rambunctious neopolitician, Lieutenant Governor Henry E. Howell, 53, and a staid member of the state's conservative elite, former Governor Mills E. Godwin, 58. Affluent suburbanites paid \$1.65 per drink at genteel Godwin cocktail parties, while blacks, rednecks and young people paid nickels and dimes for beer and soda pop at Howell gatherings. To complicate matters, both men originally were Democrats, but Howell ran as an Independent and Godwin as a Republican; the disenchanted and disarrayed Democrats fielded no one.

Howell barnstormed the state in a van truck called the "Howell Cannonball," promising to repeal an unpopular sales tax on food and nonprescription

drugs. It had been enacted during Godwin's first term as Governor (1966-70). By September, Howell had a ten-point lead in the polls. That galvanized Godwin's lackluster early efforts. He started vigorously attacking Howell for being pro busing, in favor of gun controls and against the state's right-to-work law. When Howell tried to explain his previous stands on those issues—for example, he denied that he favored busing children across city, county and state lines—Godwin scorned him as a "flip-flopper." On Election Day, a record 1,031,063 Virginians voted, and they elected Godwin by 14,653 votes.

The son of a farmer, Godwin graduated from William and Mary College and earned a law degree from the University of Virginia Law School in 1938. After a brief job as an FBI agent in the Midwest, he opened a law office in rural Suffolk, Va. He was elected to the house of delegates in 1948 and later became one of the late Harry F. Byrd Sr.'s stalwarts in the "massive resistance" to integration of schools. By the time he had served a term as Lieutenant Governor (1962-66), he had moderated his views sufficiently to win the backing of both blacks and organized labor in his first election as Governor.

In his first term, he upgraded public education, attracted new industry to the state and sponsored a revision of the state constitution. Prohibited by law from succeeding himself, Godwin returned in 1970 to the 500-acre farm he and his wife Katherine operate in Nansemond County, Va.

Four of the New Mayors

NEW YORK: Bored and exhausted by the interneccine political wars of the past decade, Democrats finally agreed on—or succumbed to—a single choice for mayor. If for no other reason, bantam-size Abe Beame, 67, had earned the designation because of his 40 years of unstinting service to the party. Picking up

support from the right and left, from reformers and clubhouse regulars, from real estate interests and civil service unions, the city comptroller rolled up a staggering 58% of the vote, leaving his three opponents pathetically far behind.

The campaign was noteworthy for its lack of issues. None of the other candidates could get any closer to the center than former Teacher and Public Accountant Beame, who hugged it for dear life. Republican Candidate John Marchi dropped his scholarly stance to denounce the courts for letting off violent criminals, but Beame could hardly be accused of being soft on crime. Al Blumenthal, the Liberal Party candidate, could not make much headway in a year when his supporters were tired and divided; Conservative Mario Biaggi, one of the most decorated cops in city history, was destined to finish last after it was revealed that he had lied about his testimony to a grand jury investigating immigration bills he had sponsored in the House of Representatives.

Beame was also helped by the fact that he is Jewish—and New York, the

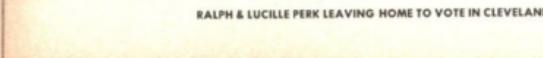
MINNEAPOLIS STAR



MINNEAPOLIS' HOFSTEDE



DETROIT MAYOR-ELECT COLEMAN YOUNG AT VICTORY CELEBRATION



RALPH & LUCILLE PERK LEAVING HOME TO VOTE IN CLEVELAND



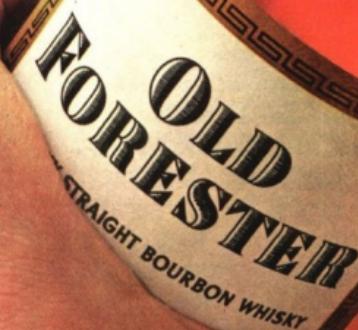
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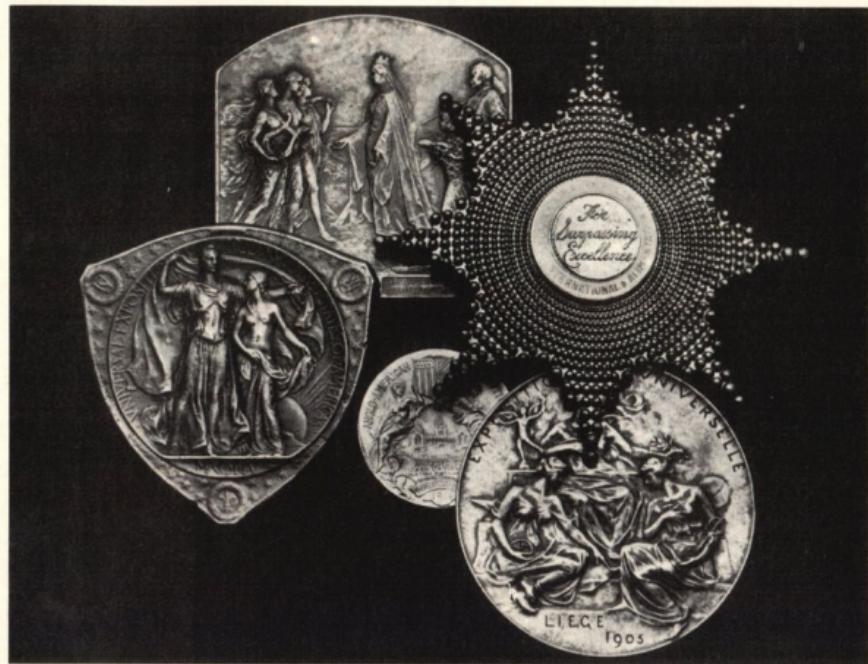
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Patient Abe Beame Rises to the Top

Abraham David Beame once summed up his ambition to be mayor of New York City in one succinct sentence: "I would like to be La Guardia without the frills." Certainly there is nothing frilly about 67-year-old Beame, who in January will become the city's 104th mayor. About the only similarity between Beame and La Guardia (who was the city's fiery mayor from 1934 to 1945) is their height: 5 ft. 2 in. Where Mayor La Guardia was flamboyant, City Comptroller Beame is subdued. Where La Guardia dared, Beame usually waits. Where La Guardia was impatient, Beame is calculating and meticulous.

A patient climber in the regular New York Democratic hierarchy since 1932, Beame spent years carrying out the humble door-to-door duties of an election district captain in Brooklyn. "He'd win his district by 390 to 4 or 380 to 6," one friend remembers. "He was phenomenal, dynamic." The persistent Beame estimates that over the years he has traveled some 20,000 miles through New York City streets in search of votes.

Such pavement-pounding loyalty did not go unrewarded. In 1946 he was named the city's assistant budget director, and six years later he became budget director. He won his first race for public office as comptroller in 1961. Able and tough in the role of the city's chief accountant and auditor, Beame earned a reputation as a moderate in philosophy and a stickler for detail in practice (he once proudly noted that he had saved the city \$23,063 in the Board of Education's hot-dog purchases). He is a tireless administrator who regularly consults his aides about the most routine matters, often by telephone. One

aide logged 43 calls from Beame over a single weekend.

An infrequent drinker whose strongest swearword is "jackass," he is an avid gin rummy player, and enjoys television (his favorite: *All in the Family*). When he is not reading city financial reports, he indulges in mystery stories and political biographies. He has all but given up attending movies, finding them too violence- and sex-filled. What he seems to enjoy most is the beach at Belle Harbor in Queens, where he and his wife Mary spend their summers.

Beame's dogged professionalism has long impressed fellow Democrats, as did his bold independence in breaking away

in the 1960s from Democratic Mayor Robert Wagner over matters of municipal finance. With strong organizational support, Beame defeated the Wagner-backed candidate in the 1965 Democratic primary race for mayor, and went on to run in the general election. John V. Lindsay's victory sent Beame into private life and banking for four years. "I was making \$80,000 a year," Beame recalls. "But it wasn't the same challenge." When he returned to the political arena, he campaigned as himself: understated, cautious and without frills. His election as mayor (salary: \$50,000) fulfilled Beame's highest ambition. He says he will seek no higher office, making him one of the few mayors of New York who will not run his office with his eye on another job.

DEMOCRAT BEAME & WIFE MARY AFTER NEW YORK MAYORALTY RACE



city with the world's largest Jewish population (1,836,000), surprisingly has never had a Jewish mayor. He promises to run a much more tidy ship than the flashy outgoing mayor John Lindsay. Steady as she goes suits New Yorkers' present mood.

Detroit: The obvious issue was scarcely mentioned in the campaign. Though a black man and a white man were competing for the office, they behaved as if race did not matter. It did, of course. The growing black population (about 50% of the electorate) made it inevitable that sooner or later a black mayor would be elected. It turned out to be sooner. Coleman A. Young, 55, a smooth-talking state senator, defeated John Nichols, 54, a former police commissioner by 232,000 votes to 217,000.

As in other urban races, the most talked-about issue was crime and the toll it was taking of the city. White residents and white businesses have been fleeing to the suburbs; streets in both black and

white areas are eerily deserted at night, when few dare to venture out. But black and white remedies differed. Nichols had set up a controversial street crime unit called STRESS (Stop the Robberies, Enjoy Safe Streets), which had cut down crime but antagonized blacks by shooting too often from the hip. Promising that he would disband STRESS, Young proposed to put more cops on the beat and to set up mini-police stations in 50 different neighborhoods. Both candidates also offered a variety of thoughtful proposals for better housing and transportation.

An independent, Nichols tried to tie his Democratic opponent to Watergate in oblique fashion. "The last thing this city needs is another politician," he said over and over again. In fact, Young won because he is a forceful politician, not just because he is black. In a sense, he has been practicing the political trade all his life. He fought for black rights first at Ford Motor Co., then at the post office, then in the U.S. Army Air Corps.

He became the third-ranking leader of the state AFL-CIO and won election to the Michigan senate, where he became Democratic floor leader and played a leading part in the passage of an open-housing law. He insists that he will be mayor of all the people: "There is a minority in this city who see this victory as a chance to strike back for 300 years of oppression. Anyone who sees the election in these terms must be smoking pot."

Cleveland: Despite Watergate, despite a Democratic registration of 8 to 1, Republican incumbent Ralph Perk handily won re-election with 61.4% of the vote. His secret: he played the ethnic game like a master. In a city whose population is 35% ethnic, ranging from Lithuanians to Ukrainians, Perk moved from one club to the next, sampling native dishes, admiring native costumes, joining native dances. Each ethnic group considered him one of its own (he is actually Czech). Even his frequent mishaps

THE NATION

endeared him to his constituents. Once, at a convention of metalworkers, he set his bushy hair on fire while trying to work a blowtorch.

The election, in fact, was a cakewalk; Perk had virtually assured his victory in the nonpartisan primary last month when he defeated the Democratic candidate, millionaire real estate developer James Carney. After losing, Carney decided to drop out of the general election, and the party made a hasty substitute of Mercedes Cotner, 68, who is clerk of the city council. In the smallest voter turnout (46%) in 40 years, Cotner won in all the black wards while Perk was victorious in the white ones. Yet Perk also picked up an impressive 28% of the black vote because he promised that he would not raise the city income tax and he has demonstrated that he can provide city services.

The glum Democrats figure that as long as Perk is around they will never be able to recapture city hall. But Perk may be moving on sooner than expected and playing the ethnic game on a larger board. With some backing from the city AFL-CIO, Perk may try to run for Governor against John Gilligan or for the Senate seat vacated by William Saxe.

MINNEAPOLIS: For the first time, municipal candidates were designated by party on the ballot to make it easier for the Democrats to win. That gave the Democrat-Farmer-Labor Candidate Albert Hofstede, 33, a clear advantage over Incumbent Charles Stenvig, 45, an independent. Hofstede had other advantages as well to account for his 58,000-to-54,000 vote victory. He is bright and energetic, and enjoyed the support of popular Democratic Governor Wendell Anderson, who had appointed him chairman of the Metropolitan Council. Though Stenvig is a tough law-and-order former city detective who had been elected after the campus and ghetto rioting in 1969, he has been a do-nothing mayor.

He also ran a do-nothing campaign. While Stenvig kept a relaxed schedule and ducked the issues, Hofstede put in 18 hours a day beginning at factory gates in the morning and ending up at ethnic clubs in the evening. Though he has a monotone delivery and only the faintest touch of charisma, he was admired for his earnestness. His volunteers also managed to leaflet every household in the city at least twice.

Oddly enough, Hofstede managed to bring Watergate into the campaign, even though Stenvig's administration has not been touched by scandal. He compared Stenvig's style of campaigning to Nixon's. Both, said Hofstede, stayed holed up in their offices, both refused to debate, both would not disclose their campaign contributors—not that, in Stenvig's case, his campaign costs amounted to much. Toward the end of the race, polls showed that the voters had caught on to the comparisons.

PERSONALITIES

Haldeman Homecoming

It was billed as a welcome-home luncheon for former White House Chief of Staff H.R. ("Bob") Haldeman. But when reporters approached some of the 70 guests invited to the all-male Los Angeles gathering, they blanched as if they had been caught attending a Mafia testimonial. Snapped Los Angeles Times Mirror Co. Board Chairman Franklin Murphy when asked to identify himself: "That's really irrelevant."

The host, Los Angeles Investor Z. Wayne Griffin, was not quite so diffident. "I've known Bob since he was four years old," said Griffin, "and as an old Haldeman *aficionado*, I simply wanted to welcome home a favorite son. The public doesn't realize how much

it's getting pretty thin on top") and the number of flights he has been forced to make to Washington on Watergate matters: "It seems I'm involved in a new Government recreational program to keep the unemployed occupied."

But Haldeman, who drew warm applause during his half-hour talk to the group, remained serious most of the time. He confessed that he is involved in no fewer than five private lawsuits arising out of Watergate and related activities. Yet he persisted in his firm defense of his old boss: "I have supported the President's position on disclosure of privileged material. But I have no doubt that when and if the tapes are made public, President Nixon and I will be fully exonerated." As for himself, Haldeman pledged that, "I'm very anxious to tell all I know, at the right time, to the proper authorities." Did he have any doubts



HALDEMAN ARRIVING FOR LUNCH IN HIS HONOR AT PERINO'S IN LOS ANGELES
What was missing was a confession of mistakes.

Bob sacrificed in government service." The guests at the private party in Perino's restaurant (menu: roast beef and apple cake à la mode) represented a well-heeled selection of the Southern California Establishment, including sometime Haldeman associates former Communications Director Herbert G. Klein and former HEW Secretary Robert H. Finch, Nixon Contributors Justin Dart and Holmes Tuttle, U.C.L.A. Chancellor Charles E. Young and Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner* publisher George Hearst Jr. Explained Klein: "Finch and I had our differences with Bob. But this isn't a time to ignore a man who is down."

Haldeman's mood was decidedly up. He quipped about his new long hairstyle ("I gave up the crew cut because

about Nixon's remaining in office? "The President had a great first term," said Haldeman. "I think his second term will finish successfully."

Haldeman and his wife Jo moved this summer into a \$140,000 four-bedroom house in the exclusive Hancock Park section of Los Angeles. Being unemployed works no great hardship, since he has inherited wealth. "Money," says an old family friend, "is not among Bob's worries these days." From all outward appearances, neither is Watergate. Said one guest: "What was missing was any indication from Bob that he might have made a few mistakes in all of this. Instead, it was just a reiteration of his story—with a little reference to having put too much trust in other people."

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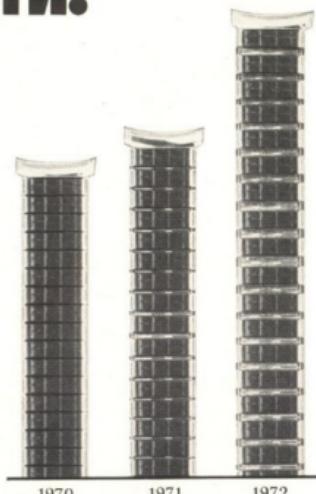
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The Freedom Maker



SUSPECT DOUGLAS GRETZLER AFTER HIS ARREST



CORONER'S ASSISTANTS REMOVING ONE OF NINE BODIES FROM THE PARKIN HOME

CRIME

Murder in California

Walter and Joanne Parkin were one of the most popular young couples in the hamlet of Victor (pop. 275), a cluster of buildings along Route 12 about 40 miles south of Sacramento. Wally Parkin, 32, ran the local supermarket, giving credit to hard-up farm workers and even hiring some of the members of one family that could not pay its bills. When the Parkins began to build their new, redwood-paneled house, friends and neighbors just naturally pitched in on the job. That is the way life is in that part of the San Joaquin Valley.

On Tuesday night last week, as usual, the Parkins went bowling, leaving their two children, Lisa, 11, and Bob, 9, in the care of Debbie Earl, 18, a neighbor's daughter who had come over to baby-sit. Sometime during the evening, Debbie's parents, Richard, 38, and Wanda Earl, 37, and brother Ricky, 15, came by to visit, along with her boy friend, Mark Lang, 20. When the Parkins came home, they were all still there—and so, the police were later to charge, were two uninvited men.

Carol Jenkins, house guest of the Parkins, recalled that she arrived home at 3 a.m., found the house utterly quiet, and went to bed. It was barely daybreak when Carol was awakened by two friends of Mark Lang who were anxiously searching for him; his parents were worried because he had not come home the night before. Looking through the house, Carol walked into the main bedroom—and ran out screaming. Bob and Lisa Parkin were lying on the bed. Each had been shot through the head.

Hidden in the Closet. Later, one of the investigating deputy sheriffs cautiously pushed open the door of the walk-in closet of the bedroom and found a horrifying sight. Bunched on the floor were seven bodies—the two Parkins and the Earl couple, plus Debbie Earl, her boy friend and her brother. Their arms and legs were bound with nylon cord sometimes clinched with as many as six knots

and they were gagged with knotted ties. Each had been shot in the neck or head with a small-caliber pistol. Some had taken longer to die than others. Debbie had been hit by four slugs, her father by five. In all, 25 bullets were recovered from the bodies, plus one from the pillow of Bob Parkin.

The manhunt quickly zeroed in on two men who were wanted for a double murder, in which similar techniques had been used, that had been committed in Arizona in October. One of the men was a 22-year-old drifter from The Bronx named Douglas Gretzler, and the other was Willie Steelman, 28, who lived near Victor. Steelman, who had once been briefly confined in a mental hospital, had a long record of scrapes with the law and had served time in prison for forgery.

After police released pictures of Steelman to the press, a hotel desk clerk in Sacramento recognized him when he and Gretzler checked in. Gretzler was arrested in the hotel by police armed with shotguns, and Steelman was later apprehended in a nearby building.

Gretzler and Steelman were charged with nine counts of first-degree murder. They also came under suspicion for a total of five slayings in Arizona, and police wanted to talk to them about four missing persons in the region.

The killings were only the latest in a grisly series of six mass murders that have taken the lives of 64 people in California during the past four years. The day after Gretzler and Steelman were arrested, Edmund Emil Kemper III, who stands 6 ft. 9 in. and weighs 280 lbs., was sentenced to life imprisonment for his most recent murders. When he was 15, Kemper killed his grandparents but later was released from a California state mental hospital, whereupon he began murdering a series of student hitchhik-



SUSPECT WILLIE STEELMAN
Two callers were uninvited.

ers. He ended by killing his mother Kemper decapitated seven of his eight victims, including his mother.

Last week California was also the scene of a bizarre single murder. Oakland's highly regarded school superintendent, Marcus A. Foster, 50, was ambushed in a parking lot and killed by a hail of fire that included bullets loaded with cyanide. Cut down with him was Robert Blackburn, his deputy, who was expected to live.

Responsibility for executing Foster's "death warrant" was claimed by the "Symbionese Liberation Army," a group unknown to the FBI or experts on local radical groups. In a letter to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, the organization objected to "fascist" policies supported by Foster, the first black to have headed the public schools in a major California city, that schools were giving police information about Oakland students—a claim that authorities denied.

MIDDLE EAST

A Hopeful Start for an Impossible Goal

Even for the most audacious U.S. Secretary of State in recent history, last week's journey had an appearance of overreach about it. En route to Peking for a twice-postponed discussion with Chinese Premier Chou En-lai, Henry Kissinger proposed to make five stops in as many days in Arab capitals along the way. Kissinger's intention: to sort out and select options for Israel and its Arab adversaries, after face-to-face discussions with the principals involved. For the accompanying newsmen (see box page 43), the trip quickly became a kind of "if this is Wednesday, it must be Cairo" frenzy. But by Friday, when Kissinger left the Saudi Arabian capital of Riyadh to fly to Pakistan, he had apparently accomplished an almost impossible goal. Egypt and Israel agreed on a plan to firm up the shaky cease-fire, and U.S. officials buoyantly predicted that serious peace talks might begin before the end of the year.

In a series of conferences that began in Washington before his departure and reached a climax at a three-hour meeting with Egyptian President Anwar Sadat in Cairo, Kissinger hammered out agreements that seemed to satisfy both Sadat and Israeli Premier Golda Meir. Among the terms:

- 1) Acceptance by Israel of a permanent corridor through Israeli-held territory on the west bank of the Suez Canal to resupply Egypt's beleaguered Third Army (TIME, Nov. 5) with such items as blood plasma and food. Under terms of the agreement, United Nations forces, rather than Israeli troops, will control checkpoints on the key Cairo-Suez road. It will be the responsibility



AFRICA
SADAT & KISSINGER CHATTING DURING THE SECRETARY OF STATE'S VISIT TO CAIRO

Diplomatic audacity matched by increased prestige and the ability to compromise.
of the U.N. soldiers to supervise the movement of "nonmilitary supplies to the east bank."

- 2) Agreement by Israel that it will relax the siege of the Egyptian town of Suez at the south end of the canal. There, 2,000 wounded soldiers and civilians have been trapped by the Israeli military operation that cut off the Egyptian Third Army.

- 3) After the U.N. checkpoints are established and resupply operations are under way, there will be an exchange of prisoners of war, beginning with the

wounded. The Israelis, who pressed heavily on this point in Washington discussions with Kissinger, anticipate the return of 340 men, most of them captured in the early hours of the war when Israel's defensive positions along the Suez Canal and the Bar-Lev Line were overrun by the Egyptians. In return, the Israelis are prepared to surrender nearly 8,000 Egyptian prisoners, including 600 officers and 50 pilots.

The cease-fire deal, which Kissinger made public in a letter to U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim, also specifies that military officers of the two sides will confer in order to establish formal truce lines between the opposing armies. This proviso seems to settle what could have been a major sticking point in any settlement: the lines were so complicated and so difficult to sort out and define after the armies stopped fighting that it would have been almost impossible and certainly impolitic for U.N. observers to step in and establish different ones. Conferring among themselves, Israeli and Egyptian officers ought to be able to arrive at workable truce lines.

Key Concession. One point tentatively agreed on by Israel and Egypt but not set down specifically was the ending of a blockade of the Red Sea at Bab el Mandeb. Officially, the Egyptians deny that any such blockade exists. In fact, Egyptian ships have been patrolling the strait, mines have been laid there, and a small fleet of merchantmen is tied up in the Israeli port of Eilat as a

AFRICA
SISCO OUTLINING CEASE-FIRE PROPOSALS TO GOLDA MEIR IN JERUSALEM



result. The blockade was the cause of a fiery meeting of the Israeli Cabinet last week. After accepting Kissinger's terms, the Cabinet had second thoughts about the nonmention of the understanding about the blockade. The eventual decision, however, was to accept the U.S. proposal "in principle."

The terms fulfilled the spirit, if not precisely the letter, of Security Council Resolution 338, the joint U.S.-Soviet proposal passed three weeks ago in an effort to end the Middle East war. The key concession appeared to have been made by Sadat: in return for the cor-

ridor to his Third Army, he dropped his insistence that Israeli forces withdraw to positions held at the time of the first cease-fire, on Oct. 22, before negotiations could begin. It was a measure of Sadat's increased prestige and power since the war began that he could afford to make such a compromise without running into a storm of protest.

Kissinger's success in getting both sides to buy his cease-fire package clearly indicated that both Israel and Egypt recognize the indispensable role that the U.S. will play in a peace settlement. Last week's cease-fire agreement, moreover,

is only the first step in a lengthy—and obviously delicate—series of steps that Kissinger hopes will lead to lasting peace in the Middle East. After this could come a formal peace conference to negotiate the territorial and political disputes that divide Israelis and Arabs. According to the terms of the cease-fire, the "appropriate auspices" for such a conference would be the United Nations Security Council. But essentially the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., the two powers that got the warring sides to stop shooting and start talking, will exert the strongest pressure, even if they

Around the World with Henry

Among the reporters who accompanied Secretary of State Henry Kissinger on his whirlwind tour of the Middle East was TIME Correspondent John Mulliken, who regularly covers the State Department. His report:

"Maybe it can't be done, but if anybody can do it, he can," said Joe Sisco to the Pakistani Ambassador to Washington. The lanky Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs, like the 38 other members of Henry Kissinger's entourage, was nervously waiting for takeoff in the VIP lounge at Andrews Air Force Base outside Washington. It was 8 o'clock in the morning, but one by one the ambassadors of Iran, Morocco and Jordan and the Chinese liaison officer—all representing countries that Kissinger would visit in his twelve-day round-the-world journey—arrived to see him off. There were handshakes all around, and then the big blue and white Air Force One headed out over the Atlantic in the cold gray rain.

Kissinger's is a tight and very different ship from that presided over by former Secretary of State William Rogers, who liked to while away the long hours in the air playing bridge. Now and then Kissinger would stroll back to the press section to talk briefly with the 14 reporters aboard. The well-understood ground rule: no attribution, unless a statement is cleared with the department's spokesman, Robert McCloskey.

It soon became clear that the role of trip's jester had fallen to Sisco. His bombastic humor—not to mention the shaggy old yellow golf sweater he invariably wore aloft—made him a natural for the part. His first big moment occurred as the plane was landing at Rabat, when a large Xerox copier suddenly broke loose and slid toward him. The machine stopped short of crashing into the horrified Assistant Secretary, but not before someone yelled: "Oh, my God, stop it! We can't have more than one Joe Sisco on this trip."

Morocco was the first Arab country

that Kissinger visited. The odd presence of a German-born American Jew in the ornate Arab palace seemed to symbolize how much was riding on the trip. Kissinger was not the only one to sense as much. That evening, after the end of a midnight talk with King Hassan II, 44, who is generally regarded as an Arab moderate, the monarch showed unprecedented courtesy by walking Kissinger a full block back to his guest villa at the Royal Palace.

Before talks resumed the next day, Kissinger was obliged to undertake an apparently unfamiliar diplomatic chore: inspecting an honor guard. He trudged down the line too quickly, hardly looking at it, much less inspecting it. When the commander of the guard finally caught up with him, Kissinger thrust out his hand, only to discover that the Moroccan commander had a sword in his right hand. After an awkward shift of the sword, they finally clasped hands. Said one onlooker who was traveling with Kissinger: "Certainly the first chapter of this trip must be titled 'Henry amongst the Berbers.'"

By the time Kissinger's entourage left Tunis for Cairo, apprehension was almost palpable if only because the airport serving the Egyptian capital was near the combat zone. But the midnight landing came off without a hitch, and Kissinger was engulfed in an excited crush of photographers. Security officers finally jammed him into a waiting limousine and whisked him to the palatial presidential suite at the Nile Hilton.

The tumultuous welcome turned out to be a good omen. Next day, when the Secretary of State and Egyptian President Sadat met the press after three hours of talks, the cordiality between the two men was plainly visible. "I hope to see you soon," said Kissinger in farewell. Replied Sadat: "You are welcome always." Then, after lunch, the Secretary was driven off to see the pyramids. Once again a crowd of shouting, shouting photographers dogged his steps. After vanishing inside the Great Pyramids

amid, he finally emerged and waved to the crowd below. "Henry's looking it over," said one member of his staff. "He wants to build one for himself."

The next morning it was on to Amman. Kissinger was outwardly buoyant. Yet he was also plainly worried about how the Israeli government would respond to Sisco's explanation of the cease-fire plan. Kissinger went to lunch with King Hussein, who took him for a brief whirl over the city in his helicopter before chauffeuring him to the airport. Quipped the Secretary: "If it weren't for the honor, I would rather have walked."

Kissinger then flew off to Riyadh, the Saudi Arabian capital. Shortly before King Feisal's dinner for the Secretary of State, Sisco arrived from Tel Aviv to inform Kissinger that the Israelis had accepted the agreement. The trip was then only half over—Iran, Pakistan, China and Japan lay ahead—but the most important part of the mission had seemingly been accomplished.

KISSINGER BESIDE THE SPHINX



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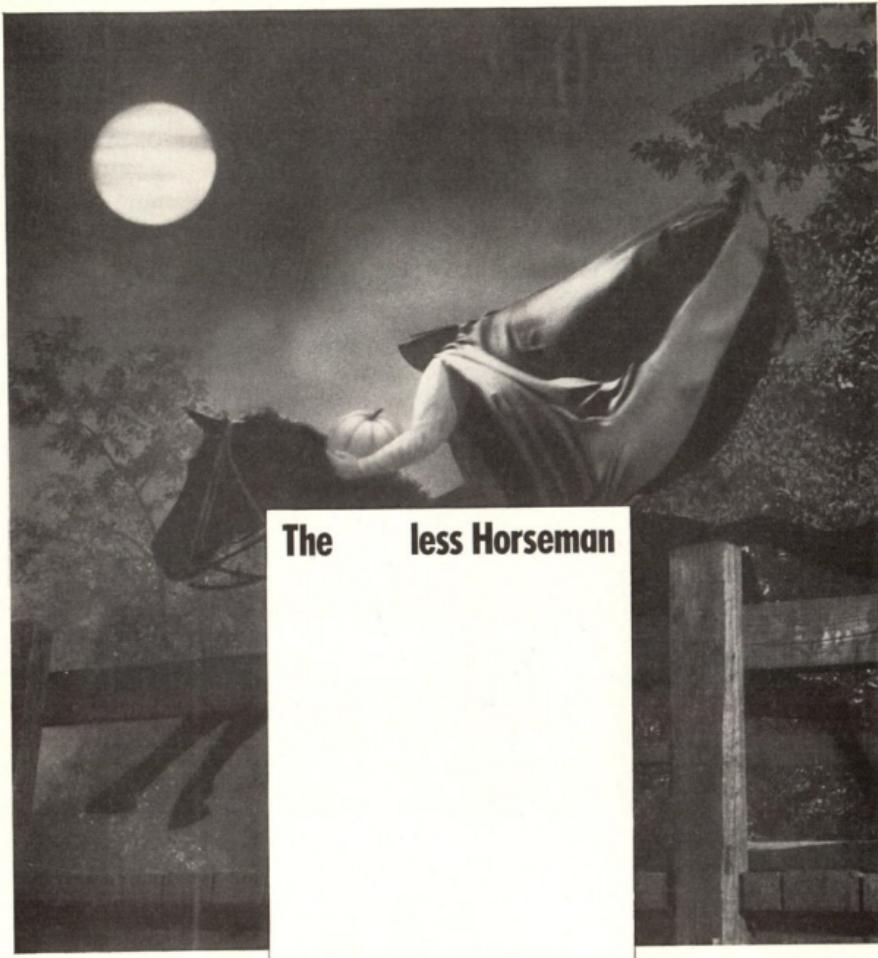
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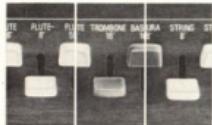
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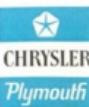
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THE WORLD

do not speak in the loudest voice. A new U.S. diplomatic approach to Middle East problems—primarily including a tough realism about Israel and Washington's role as Israel's broker—came through last week in Kissinger's discussions across the Arab world.

Kissinger conferred with three kings—Hassan II of Morocco, Hussein of Jordan and Feisal of Saudi Arabia—as well as Tunisia's President Habib Bourguiba. But the key city was obviously Cairo, and Kissinger's 32-hour stopover there was just as obviously a huge success. After a three-hour discussion with Sadat, who was wearing the uniform of an Egyptian army field marshal, Kissinger and the Egyptian President emerged smiling from the Tahra Palace to face a swarm of skeptical newsmen. Sadat was asked what he thought of the progress of war and peace in the Middle East. "I want to have an answer to that from our good friend, Dr. Kissinger," the Egyptian President said with a broad smile. "I think we are moving toward peace," answered Kissinger benignly. Replied Sadat: "He said that, and I agree with him."

Significant Move. As a kind of good-will offering, Sadat agreed to upgrade diplomatic relations between Cairo and Washington. It was a significant move, since the Egyptians acknowledged that the U.S. was still supplying arms and equipment to Israel. Relations between the U.S. and Egypt had been broken off early in the Six-



SHARON WITH DEFENSE MINISTER MOSHE DAYAN ON THE WEST BANK OF THE SUEZ CANAL
A hero of the war and the government's adversary in peace.

Day War of 1967 by Sadat's predecessor, Gamal Abdel Nasser. He charged—wrongly, as it turned out—that planes from U.S. aircraft carriers in the Mediterranean had helped Israeli jets attack Egypt at the start of the war. Since then, U.S. interests in Egypt have been represented by Spain, while India took care of Egyptian affairs in Washington.

The significance that both sides put on the resumption of diplomatic rela-

tions became quickly evident. A curious arrangement was worked out: the two embassies will remain "special-interest sections" of other nations' embassies, under the usual plan carried on when countries fall out but want to continue some kind of contact. But these sections will be headed by ambassadors, and not mere chargés.

For Egypt it will be Sadat's principal press adviser, Ashraf Ghorbal, 48,

Cairo: "We Want To Make Peace"

Although an Israeli army is encamped only 45 miles away, Cairo seems to have been very little affected by the war. A blackout that was imposed when the fighting broke out was lifted after the cease-fire, reinstated again when rumors circulated that the war was about to resume—and partially lifted last week after Henry Kissinger's visit. It was always a peculiarly Egyptian blackout, however: the streets were in total darkness, but nearly every building above the second floor was defiantly ablaze with light. With their long *galabiyas* floating in the cool evening breeze from the desert, people rushing by in the evening darkness looked like *jinn*, the spirits of the city that are said to outnumber its living population. Once inside their doorways, though, the blackout *jinn* carry on their lives exactly as they did on Oct. 5, the day before the war began.

Egypt lost an estimated 3,000 dead in the fighting, and more than double that number were wounded. Yet with a population of 36 million—more than ten times that of Israel—Egypt is better able to bear combat losses. Some industries have been deprived of skilled technicians, but mobilization has not drained the civilian economy of needed manpower. If anything, it has helped Egypt's

chronic unemployment problem. One international firm has offices in both Cairo and Jerusalem, employing about 140 in each city. The war cut its Jerusalem staff down to a mere eleven; in Cairo all the workers are on the job. Even though Cairo airport was closed for 24 days, hotels report few cancellations of bookings for the lucrative winter season.

In government-controlled shops, such staples as sugar and tea—no Cairene worker can exist without endless cups of the sweet, muddy substance each day—have not risen in price. Those who try to supplement their meager ration on the black market, however, have found that the unofficial price of sugar has jumped more than a third; the price of tea has risen by 94%. Beef and lamb are available only twice a week, even in restaurants. Yet no one suffers too much: alternatives include chicken, fish, pork, ham, sweetbreads, brains, tongue and squab. Most Cairenes tend to stay home these days anyway. Though it may not daunt Israeli pilots, the blackout, along with an 11 o'clock curfew, has put a damper on Cairo's night life.

Until the announcement of the U.S.-endorsed cease-fire plan, most people in

Cairo seemed resigned to a new round of fighting, but there was no hysteria, no jingoism. Even with Americans, who are blamed for giving Israel the weapons that allowed its armies to cross the Suez Canal, Cairenes are patient and polite. "All we want is to have our own land back, and then everybody can live in peace," says one woman. "Tell the Americans that we want to make peace and finish with all this war," says the custodian of a cemetery in the Coptic quarter of old Cairo.

Gamal Abdel Nasser is still a hero in Cairo, but more and more Egyptians seem willing to admit his mistakes. They feel that their country has outgrown the fanaticism of Nasser's day, and they look to the more matter-of-fact Sadat for reasonable approaches. One sign of the new realism, they feel, is that even as U.S.-made tanks were positioned against them not far from the city's outskirts, representatives of an American firm were discussing details of a projected \$345 million pipeline from the Gulf of Suez to the Mediterranean. Cairenes appear to be more puzzled than angry at American support of their enemy, and they were simply perplexed by last week's cease-fire agreement. "I thought we were not going to make any concessions to Israel until we had the meat in our hands," complained one woman. "Now where is the meat?"

Jerusalem: Days of Mourning

The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places.

How are the mighty fallen.

So, according to the second book of *Samuel* did Israel's King David lament the deaths of Saul and Jonathan at the hands of the Philistines. Last week an Israeli announcer solemnly intoned those mournful lines before announcing that 1,854 of his countrymen had died in the Yom Kippur War. Although Israelis were prepared for high casualty figures, the magnitude of the toll compared

DAVID RUBINGER

Even after Israel's government announced that it and Egypt had accepted the U.S.-endorsed cease-fire plan, Jerusalem's mood remained sober and suspicious. Professor Louis Guttmann, a well-known public opinion analyst, found that 84% of his countrymen believe that the Arabs' primary goal is to destroy Israel.

Not surprisingly, Jerusalem showed few signs that Israel had won at least a military victory. Night life remained subdued, and cinema attendance was down by 80%. When Jerusalem's citizens did venture out, as some did to hear Rachmaninoff and Stravinsky played by the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, they took along blankets and coats; to conserve oil, the concert hall was unheated.

By the end of the week the cease-fire was bringing some relaxation. On Friday, many soldiers were heading home on leave for the Sabbath. Lottery vendors were again doing a brisk business, as were the policemen who resumed the issuing of parking tickets, which they had suspended during the fighting. Traffic once more started clogging the city's center.

Trucks, however, were still scarce. The army had mobilized most of Israel's private commercial trucks, virtually paralyzing the country's internal transportation system. Goods and supplies have piled up at warehouses. With most of the working-age male population still in the army, labor shortages have become severe. Mayor Kollek has had to recruit high school pupils to work in Jerusalem's bakeries to ensure adequate supplies of bread. A huge drop in retail sales and in the tourist trade (hotel occupancy in October was 75% below normal) markedly reduced local tax collections. To meet its payroll, Jerusalem had to go to private banks for loans.

Like Kollek, many of the city's Jews bravely insist that "we can take a lot worse than this." In fact, they are just now becoming aware of the severe austerity that faces them. One government economist estimated that the war cost Israel more than \$4 billion and has wiped out the country's projected gross national product growth for the year. To help finance the war, the government has required everyone to buy government bonds in an amount equal to roughly 10% of taxable income. Most likely, that kind of forced saving will prove to be only the first notch of painful belt tightening. By last week most Israelis knew that it could be a long time before they would again be able to buy cars and TV sets or travel freely abroad.

a tough-minded but genial expert on diplomacy who holds a doctorate in political science from Harvard (where he did his thesis on a favorite Kissinger subject, regional security arrangements) and who has served in Washington before. During the recent fighting, Egypt's propaganda was more realistic than it has ever been in 25 years of unrest and conflict. The generally factual reporting was due largely to Ghorbal's insistence.

In Cairo, meanwhile, the U.S. will be represented by Herman F. Eilts, 51, who like Kissinger is a German-born naturalized American. Eilts, who studied at Ursinus College and the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies, is one of the State Department's ranking Arabists, with a permanent Foreign Service classification of minister. He speaks fluent Arabic, was posted to Teheran, Jidda, Aden, Baghdad, London and Tripoli before serving for five years as Ambassador to Saudi Arabia. After leaving that post in 1970, Eilts joined the faculty of the Army War College at Carlisle Barracks, Pa., where he wrote eruditely on such obscure facets of U.S. Middle East policy as President James Buchanan's contacts a century ago with the feudal Sultan of Muscat and Oman.

Ominous Intelligence. The stunning swiftness of the cease-fire deal caught other Middle Eastern nations by surprise. Syrian President Hafez Assad, who had not been consulted when Sadat decided to accept the U.S.-U.S.S.R. cease-fire, was upset by his erstwhile ally's acceptance of last week's terms. Assad was particularly angry because only a few days before, the Egyptians had threatened to resume the fighting in order to relieve the Third Army and force the Israelis from the west bank of the canal. There were ominous intelligence reports that the Soviets were resupplying the Egyptian Second Army, which was sitting in Sinai north of the Israeli-encircled Third. There were also reports, which Washington doubted, that the Soviets were shipping nuclear warheads into the area to mate them to the 200-mile-range "Scud" ground-to-ground missiles already in Egypt.

Syria's Assad, whose own forces were still facing Israeli armor ensconced along the Golan Heights, was left to work out his own arrangements. The Israelis anxiously sought some kind of stand-down that would allow them to recover an estimated 120 soldiers and pilots held by Syria. By week's end, however, no prisoner agreement had been reached with Damascus.

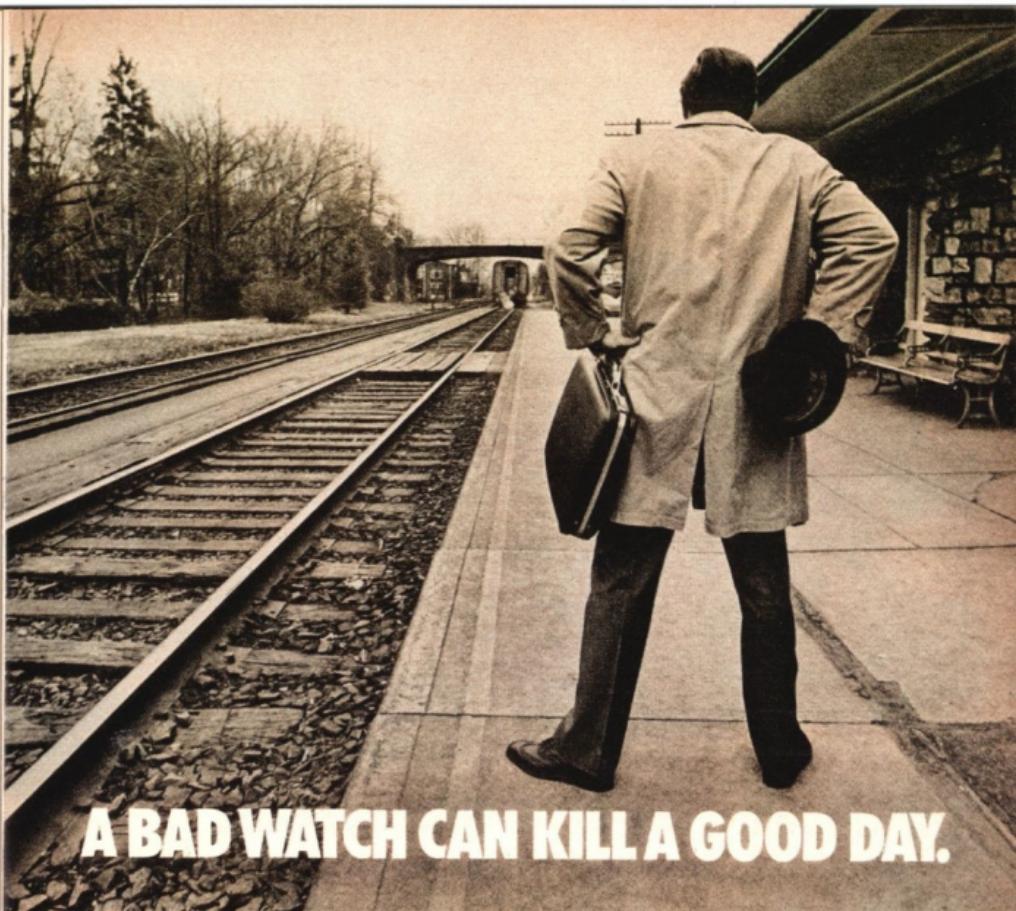
For Israel, the cease-fire plan that had been worked out in Washington and Cairo represented a critical decision in its national life. The realities of the agreement were starkly plain: they demonstrated that while Israel had won a military victory in the Yom Kippur War, it was in serious danger of losing the diplomatic battle that followed.

The problem was that Golda Meir's government was not strong enough



BEREAVED RELATIVES AT SOLDIER'S GRAVE

with the 803 fatalities of the Six-Day War nonetheless stunned them. Nearly every household in the nation of 3,200,000 has suffered or knows a loss in the war. Said Yehzekel Shemesh, a Jerusalem restaurant owner: "We are all one *mishpochah* [family]. When one boy dies, we all grieve together." Last Wednesday morning weeping mourners crowded temporary military cemeteries to attend mass memorial services. In Jerusalem, which bore more than 10% of Israel's casualties, Mayor Teddy Kollek visited the homes of the bereaved families.



A BAD WATCH CAN KILL A GOOD DAY.

If your watch didn't lie, you'd be on the 8:02. By 9:00 you'd be in the client's office. By 10:00 he'd sign the contract. And by 12:15 your boss would give you a nice, fat raise.

But unfortunately, you don't have an Accutron® watch, guaranteed to tell the truth to within a minute a month.* So unfortunately, you're not on the 8:02.

BULOVA ACCUTRON®

For men and women.

Left: #25527 18K solid gold. Right: #24807 10K gold-filled. You'll find many other styles at fine jewelry and department stores. From \$95. *Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance if necessary. If returned to Accutron dealer from whom purchased within one year from date of purchase.

© Bulova Watch Co., Inc.



**Own
Sec
Blanket
With Com**

Introducing the 1974 Volkswagen.

While other car makers are busy taking the wraps off their new model cars, Volkswagen has gone one step further and changed the wraps.

From the minute you drive away in your '74 Volkswagen, you're covered by our Owner's Security Blanket with Computer Analysis.

It's not just a warranty. It's a commitment to our owners long after they've signed on the dotted line.

We like to think of it as total transportation because you deserve a car you can count on 365 days a year. And we believe you shouldn't have to keep paying to get what you deserve.

Nobody in the car business has any plan like it. Nobody seems to care enough. Or do enough. Except Volkswagen.

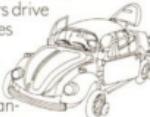
If you take a little time to read this, you'll find out how a Volkswagen owner gets the most advanced new

car coverage plan in the world free.
Our 12 month/20,000 mile guarantee.

Most car owners drive about 14,000 miles during the first year. So what earthly good is a 12,000 mile guarantee? Volkswagen's coverage is for 20,000 miles—most car companies don't come near that.

This is our guarantee, in plain English:

If you maintain and service your 1974 Volkswagen as prescribed in the Volkswagen Maintenance Schedule, any factory parts found to be defective in material or workmanship within 12 months or 20,000 miles, whichever comes first (except filters and tires), will be repaired or replaced free of charge by any U.S. or Canadian VW dealer."



We guarantee against more than just defective parts.

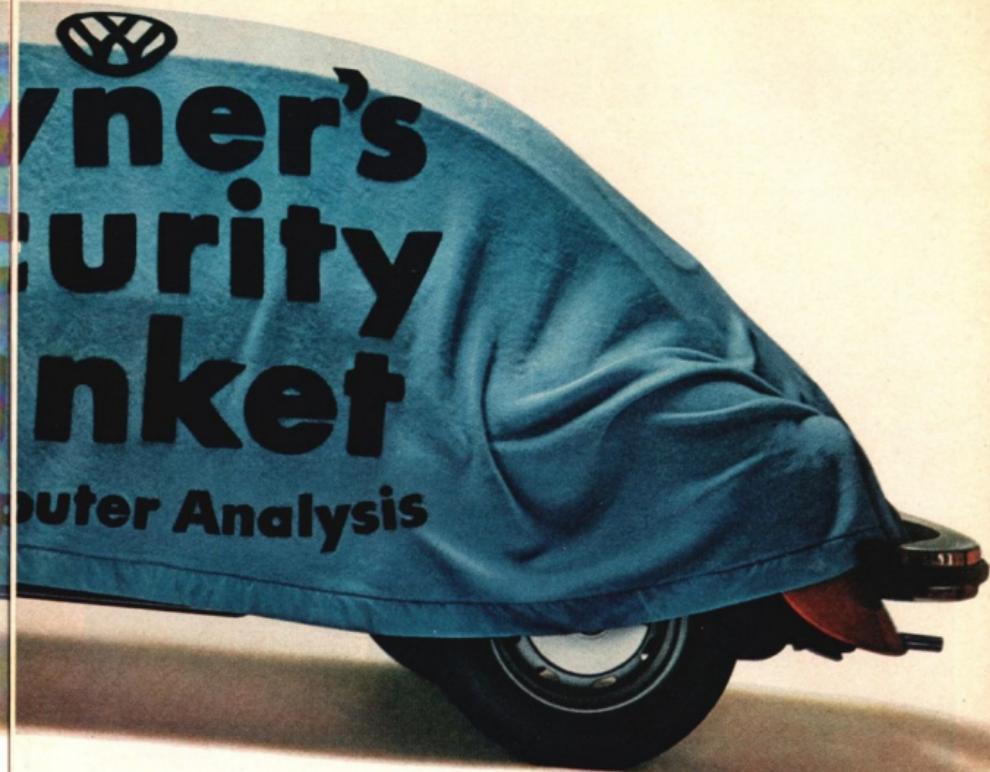
Volkswagen's Owner's Security Blanket goes far beyond just guaranteeing against defects. Most car companies won't replace a windshield wiper if it wears out. We will. They won't replace a lightbulb. We will.

Take things like brake pads and linings. As long as you have them adjusted when your Maintenance Schedule says so, we'll replace them free if they wear out. Same thing goes for clutch linings and batteries.

And spark plugs and points? We change them free at 12,000 miles and we'll honor that no matter how long it takes you to go that distance. This is unheard of in the auto industry.

24 months/24,000 miles.

We've gone one step further with the insides of our engine and transmission. We guarantee them for two years



or 24,000 miles, whichever comes first. Of course we don't cover defects caused by lack of maintenance or abuse.



We guarantee our repairs.

When you're running out of warranty, you're still not out of luck. We'll make the repair free and guarantee the parts, and workmanship for an additional 6 months or 6,000 miles.

If the repair takes overnight, we'll lend you a car.

Moving right along, we're committed to keep you moving. So if you're a qualified owner and you find that a warranty repair is going to take overnight, we'll lend you a free



car by appointment, for as long as the repair takes.

(And we haven't forgotten owners of older VWs. If your car needs a repair and you need a car, we'll rent you one at a nominal price.)

Express care.

How many times have you heard of waiting two weeks before you can get a headlight fixed? Not at Volkswagen. With Express Care if we can fix something in less than 30 minutes, we'll do it while you wait. No appointment needed for these little repairs.

3 free computer check-ups.

No other car maker in the world has anything like Computer Analysis. (They probably will some day in the future.)

Every 1974 Volkswagen can be plugged into a computer and out comes a written analysis of over 50 vital functions. Everything from your engine

© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

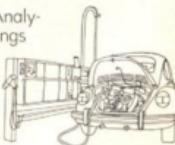
compression down to your battery voltage.

Computer Analysis can spot things that even a master mechanic might not see. So we can fix these things while you're still covered by our Owner's Security Blanket.

We're in this together.

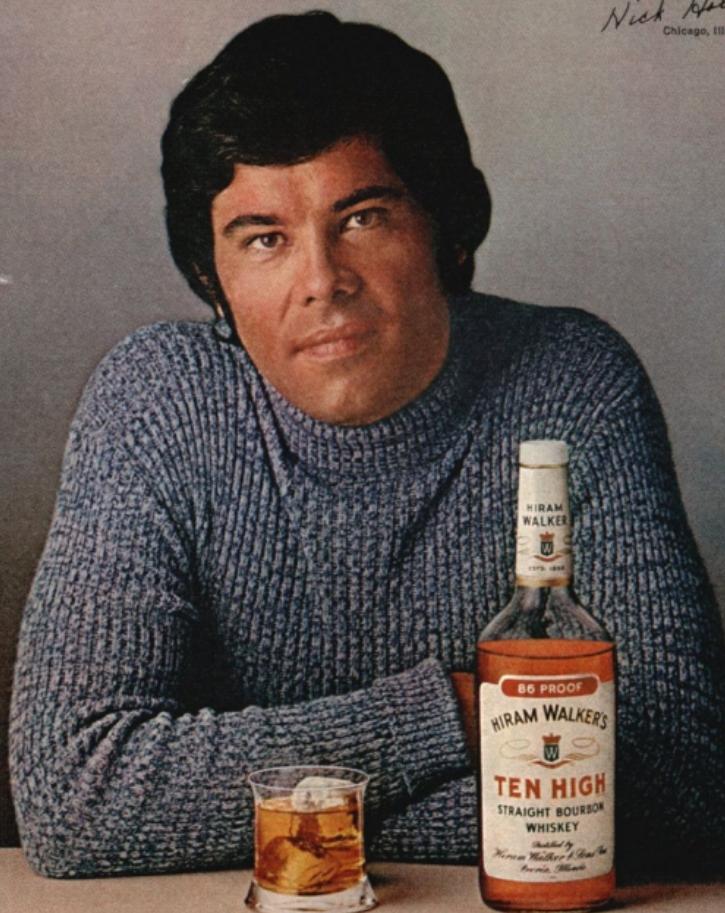
We made the car. You own the car. So we're in this together. As long as you maintain your new Volkswagen properly we'll do most of the worrying for you. That's what Volkswagen's

Owner's Security Blanket is all about—once you're a Volkswagen Owner, we're not going to leave you out in the cold.



"I tried it and it's true."

Nick Holt
Chicago, Illinois



Ten High's true bourbon taste comes from the finest grains, long lazy years of aging in charred oak barrels and the priceless know-how of Hiram Walker. That's why it's a real value. And that's why Nick Holt said: "Now you know why I wouldn't drink anything else!"

TEN HIGH
Bourbon Straight and True

abroad to demand more than it got under the Kissinger agreement, particularly with the U.S. exerting tremendous pressure on Israel. With national elections less than two months away, Mrs. Meir was in increasing trouble at home. According to knowledgeable U.S. sources, twice in the course of her negotiations with Kissinger in Washington she accepted certain proposals only to have them turned down when they were cabled back to the Israeli Cabinet at home. (Israeli government sources deny that there was any such rebuke, and insist that Mrs. Meir would have resigned if she had been voted down on a key issue.)

Even before the cease-fire arrangements were completed last week, they were under fire in Israel. The hero of the war, General Ariel ("Arik") Sharon, had become the government's major adversary in peace. In an extraordinarily blunt interview with Charles Mohr of the *New York Times*, Armor Expert Sharon reproved leaders of the Israeli army for not exploiting the openings west of Suez that his tanks had carved out. Sharon was a leading opposition candidate for the Knesset before he was recalled to active duty; his parliamentary criticisms if he wins the election are certain to be continuous and biting.

One of the underlying difficulties for Mrs. Meir was the heavy loss in casualties and prisoners of war that Israel suffered. In a country of 3,200,000 people, the loss of 1,854 men killed in action was equivalent to 130,000 for a country the size of the U.S. Announcement of the figures set off a nationwide wave of mourning (see box page 48).

Sporting Metaphor. One very uncertain factor in the complicated equation is how the Russians will respond. Kissinger's caravan through the Middle East, as well as the results he achieved, were reported briefly and without comment in the Soviet Union last week. The Soviets, celebrating the 56th anniversary of the October Revolution,* seemed to have put the Middle East aside temporarily. Nonetheless, there appeared to be some anxiety in the Kremlin over the diplomatic success that the U.S. and its Secretary of State were having—in a sense at Soviet expense. One Moscow editor called the U.S. attempt to serve as "sole mediator" unrealistic and reached for a sporting metaphor to explain the Russian view. "In a boxing match," he said, "each side has its second. There have to be two seconds, not one working with both sides." The Soviets were hampered by the fact that they have had no diplomatic relations with Israel since the Six-Day War. Thus they were unable to emulate Kissinger and enhance their prestige in the

Middle East by working both corners.

As for the Arabs, other leaders besides Syria's Assad were obviously uncertain about the Kissinger agreement and its implications for them. Among those who flew from capital to capital last week in a frenzied series of conferences and consultations that left jet contrails all across the Mediterranean sky was Jordan's King Hussein, who made swift visits to Syria, Saudi Arabia, Abu Dhabi and Kuwait. Algerian President Houari Boumediene dropped into Cairo, Damascus, Baghdad, Kuwait

and Riyadh in an effort to arrange an Arab summit. Libya's Muammar Gadhafi warned of a return to war and urged the defeat of Israel; his cries were echoed by Iraq's President Ahmed Hassan Bakr.

Still, on either side of the present truce lines in the Suez there was ultimately a feeling that Kissinger's opening had given the Middle East its best chance for peace in 25 years. All that was needed now was daring in carrying out the details to match the daring that had set them in motion.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Death and a Dubious Cease-Fire?

Explosions shattered the cool early-morning calm at South Viet Nam's Bien Hoa airbase one day last week. For 20 minutes, 35 Viet Cong 122-mm. rockets blasted the sprawling base, destroying four F-5 jet fighter-bombers, heavily damaging a workshop and cafeteria, and killing one airman and one child.

Twenty-four hours later the calm was again broken—this time by the deafening roar of dozens of South Vietnamese air force warplanes taking off from Bien Hoa. Loaded with 500- and 750-lb. bombs, the planes headed northward on a mission to avenge the previous day's attack. Their primary target: the city of Loc Ninh, the "administrative center" of the Viet Cong, 62 miles away. Saigon insisted that its bombs hit only military targets. The Viet Cong claimed that bombs fell on Loc Ninh's marketplace and infirmary, killing 42 civilians.

Not in dispute is what the two incidents dramatically demonstrate: the ten-month-old Viet Nam cease-fire has

failed to silence the guns. Early this month, South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu told a National Day audience that "the hope [for peace] entertained by this nation and the world, which a year ago was infectious, now turns out to be so much disillusion."

Significant Extensions. Since the signing of the cease-fire, more than 50,000 Vietnamese on both sides have died in the continued fighting—more than the total number of Americans killed in the eleven years of U.S. involvement. When a newsman in Saigon asked: "Is there a cease-fire?" Lieut. Colonel Le Trung Hien, the military spokesman, replied dryly: "Our daily communiques [of military action] answer your question."

At first Western observers thought that the Saigon government and the Communists were merely trying to improve their defenses and straighten the boundary lines of areas they controlled on the day the cease-fire went into effect. It is now apparent that both sides



SOUTH VIETNAMESE AIRMAN INSPECTING BOMBED REMAINS OF F-5 JET AT BIEN HOA AIRBASE
Both sides were violating the accords to extend their holdings.



are violating the Paris Accords and are determined to extend their holdings significantly. Saigon's air force has been flying up to 100 sorties daily, many of them against targets in those parts of Tay Ninh and Pleiku provinces that were accorded to the Communists by the cease-fire agreement. In sections of Chuong Thien province, deep in the Mekong River Delta, the South Vietnamese Army (ARVN) has systematically nibbled away at Viet Cong positions.

The Communists seem to be even more ambitious. There is evidence that they are attempting to establish a supply route running along the Laotian and Cambodian borders from the demilitarized zone down to Loc Ninh inside South Vietnam. A major obstacle to setting up the route was a string of 50 ARVN outposts in the wooded, hilly Central Highlands. Many were lost in the 1972 offensive. In the past three months, South Vietnamese troops have been pushed out of most of the remaining camps.

Russian Tanks. Last week, in one of the biggest battles since the cease-fire, North Vietnamese troops using Russian-made T-54 tanks overwhelmed the 150-man ARVN garrison defending the former U.S. Special Forces camp at Bu Prang, just 1½ miles from the Cambodian frontier. Despite support from helicopter gunships, ARVN troops abandoned the camp, hurriedly destroying four 105-mm. artillery pieces that had

to be left behind. Ironically, nearly four years ago, ARVN thwarted a similar Communist attempt to capture Bu Prang, in what was then regarded as an encouraging first test of the ability of the South Vietnamese to fight without U.S. help on the ground. The loss of the camp at Bu Prang, as well as of camps at Bu Bong and Dak Song, leaves ARVN with only a handful of outposts along the Communists' new infiltration route.

President Thieu, and some military experts in Washington, believe that the Communists are determined to launch a major offensive some time in the next six to eight months. They note that the North Vietnamese now have about 170,000 troops inside South Vietnam—about 30,000 more than when the cease-fire was signed. Recently, the Communists have repaired twelve airfields, including the former U.S. Marine base at Khe Sanh, which has been upgraded to handle MiG-21 jets and is ringed with SA-2 antiaircraft missiles. The Communists, moreover, seem to be sniping persistently at South Vietnam's towns, perhaps to force Thieu to concentrate the majority of his 1,100,000-man armed forces round the populated areas. This could enable the Communists to gain control over much of the countryside, and with it the food supply essential for a protracted offensive.

Pointless Rantings. There are other Western experts, however, who discount the likelihood of a general offensive. Says one: "While Hanoi now has the potential to launch offensives, it does not yet have the ability to launch the offensive." These experts believe it is more realistic to expect Hanoi to launch attacks on selected targets like Hué, the former imperial capital. Another objective might be to cut South Vietnam in two, by driving ARVN units from the area separating Military Region I and Military Region II (see map). Either goal, if successful, would demoralize Saigon and undermine popular support of the Thieu regime.

Meanwhile, the machinery created by the cease-fire agreement has been powerless to prevent or even monitor the fighting. The International Commission of Control and Supervision, composed of members from Poland, Indonesia, Hungary and Iran (which replaced Canada), is so paralyzed that it cannot even agree on an agenda.

The talks in Paris between representatives of the Thieu regime and the Viet Cong, which are supposed to be about a political solution for South Vietnam, degenerated into pointless rantings and last week were suspended at Thieu's request. In Saigon the members of the Joint Military Commission no sooner sit down at the daily sessions than they start haranguing one another; frequently the members simply slam down their papers and stalk out. As one Saigon-based Western diplomat sadly puts it, all that the cease-fire has done so far is to create "a dialogue of the deaf"—and get American troops out of Viet Nam.

BRITAIN

Awaiting A Stable Marriage

From Woking to Newcastle—and in hundreds of working and middle-class towns in between—English housewives were planning tea parties and lunches around the telly. Limousines were parked in front of smart stores throughout London's West End, while their owners shopped for silver trays and crystal decanters. Throughout the kingdom, pensioners were wrapping handmade doilies and daintily little handkerchiefs monogrammed "A" and "M." At Buckingham Palace a special office was set up to inspect and display the vast piles of gifts. The occasion: this week's wedding in Westminster Abbey of Princess Anne, 23, and Captain Mark Phillips, 25, of the 1st Queen's Dragoon Guards, the son of a wealthy and socially ambitious pork-sausage manufacturer.

For the first wedding in the Queen's immediate family since 1960—when Princess Margaret married another commoner, Antony Armstrong-Jones—commemorative stamps were issued and commemorative medallions struck. Britain showed the loving couple in a tooth-studded closeup (3½p. and 20p.). Stamps issued for such far-flung corners of the Commonwealth as Aitutaki and the Pitcairn Islands displayed Anne and Mark with heads touching and happiness, as one newspaper put it, "welling

MARK & ANNE AT WINDSOR CASTLE



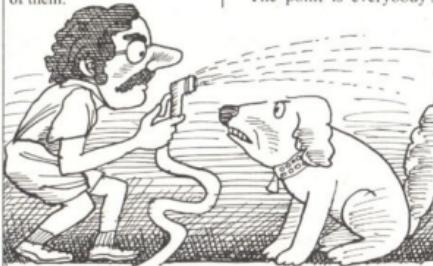
THE RONRICO WINTERIZING DIGEST

An exhaustive guide to getting ready. Everything from draining the lawn mower to filling the Wassail bowl.

First and foremost, you've got to have a list. Listless is no word for what you'll be without it. Next, you need help. But first things first.

The Unforgettables

Window washing. The days are getting short. It'd be nice to be able to see what's left of them.



Check snow tires. The rear ones are the most important.

Go over kids' winter clothes. Separate the passalongs from the past repairs.

Visit the dump. The scrap iron the kids have collected over the summer would fill a modern art museum.

Pull the spark plug on the lawn mower. You know, the little gismo the boys used as a ray gun muzzle last year.

Drain the lawn mower.

Take boat out of water.

Take water out of boat.

Dismantle tree houses.

Visit the dump.

Wash the dog. Six winter months in the house with a dirty dog can take its toll.

Store rakes, trowels and garden furniture in basement.

Put in supply of nutmeg, ginger, cloves, cinnamon, eggs and a mixed case of Ronrico White and Gold Rum.

Visit the dump. And this time don't let the kids bring back as much as you took over.

Step Two: Help.

Now it's time to depend on the blindness of strangers. You need a ruse. A Party is called for.

The point is everybody's

got the same dirty problems this time of year. Why not pool them? Call your get-together anything you like—the more exotic the better.

We have it on good authority that a Communal Plug-Pulling Party can be a very whimsical thing given a compatible lineup of plug pullers.

Speaking of pooling resources, here's a little prize to reward them for their labors.

Chinese/American Winter Dip

1 cup mayonnaise
1 cup sour cream
1 tbsp. soy sauce
2 tbsp. chopped water chestnuts
2 cloves garlic, chopped fine
1/2 cup chopped green onions
1/4 cup chopped parsley

Ask your Dippees to bring the Dipper of their choice: potato chips, zwieback, shrimp, Holland rusks, anything.

If you don't want to dip how about a dunk? A dunk is practically *the* indoor sport. So have it outdoors.

Any raw vegetable, crisp and cold, goes with a dunk. Dunk baby raw asparagus tips or cucumber fingers, cherry tomatoes, zucchini, cauliflower or almost anything else you happen to have lying around.

Say hello to . . .



Herb Dunk

1 1/2 pints of sour cream
1 tsp. salt
1 cup chopped spinach
1/2 cup each of chopped parsley, chives, and dill
1 clove garlic chopped fine
Blend well and chill for 2 hours.

Pop-goes-the-Wassail

12 eggs
2 bottles Ronrico White or Gold Rum
2 lbs. sugar
1 tsp. nutmeg
2 tsp. ginger
6 whole cloves
1/2 tsp. mace
6 whole allspice
1 tsp. cinnamon
Mix dry ingredients in 1/2 pint of water. Add rum and simmer over a very slow fire. Beat egg yolks and whites separately and stir into the hot brew. Plop in a few baked apples if they're handy and you want to show off a bit. Lace with Ronrico 151—the Power and the Glory behind those exotic island drinks—and stand back.

How to invent a holiday

If you feel you need a better excuse than the Plug-Pulling Ploy for your work party, hold it in honor of something topical. All you need is a title to make it sound legit.

Take the possibilities in November alone.

Nov. 3—Anniversary of the announcement of Murray Skurnik's engagement.

Nov. 12—The day after what used to be Armistice Day.

Nov. 16—Mother's Day at Brookhaven Zoo.

Nov. 17—First mint-lined teacup appears.

Nov. 25—Annual Murray Skurnik Tribute Dinner.

Nov. 30—Anniversary of English Speaking Union.



But what's a party without good conversation?

The art of good conversation is basically a matter of words. Here are a few good words, or as some say *bon mots*, that you can drop in to keep things going no matter what you're talking about:

machismo *fait accompli*
charisma *Weltshmerz*
germane *Szechuan*
urbane *rhetoric*

See if you can't think of some other good words that will fascinate and delight others in your gathering. By this time, your horde of eager guests will have you completely battened down for winter.

Can Spring be far behind?



Ronrico.
The bright taste in rum.

General Wine & Spirits Co., NYC, 80 proof.

THE WORLD

from their smiles and expressions." For the occasion, the Courage Ltd. brewery issued a "royal wedding ale"—light in color, but extra strong.

About 1,500 people have been invited to the wedding, including Mark's saddle maker and the village blacksmith from the Phillips' family home near Great Somerford, Wiltshire. Of Europe's surviving monarchs, only Monaco's Prince Rainier will be present. Television cameras, though, will provide live coverage for a potential audience of 500 million around the world.

Royal Groupies. Yet for all the official homage and the dutiful, excited chirping of thousands of gray-haired royal groupies, the wedding has generated more sniggers than sighs. The British army, following a long tradition, ordered every officer and enlisted man to "voluntarily" ante up 75s for officers, 12s for enlisted men) for a gift for the couple. Following an angry outcry in the press, the contribution was made truly voluntary; the gift dropped from an expected \$40,000 to a plebeian \$15,000. Some Labor M.P.s protested that the Treasury's raise of Anne's allowance from \$37,500 to \$87,500 because of the marriage. They also objected when the army offered the couple an 11-room house at Sandhurst, the British West Point—where Mark will take up duties as a teacher of military skills in March—for the unprincely sum of \$20 a week. "She's getting [the allowance] for riding and falling off a horse and nothing else," sneered Labor M.P. William Hamilton, a longtime royalty baiter.

The truth is that Anne, who ranks after her three brothers in the line of succession, is not popular in Britain. In a recent opinion poll of royal favorites, Anne ranked third from last, topping only Princess Margaret (who has a special haughty flair for alienating the public) and her cousin the Duke of Kent (who is known in court circles as "the chinless wonder"). Like her father, Prince Philip, Anne has always enjoyed needling reporters and the English *paparazzi*. Unlike her father, she seems to have no saving wit. When she fell off her horse during a jumping competition in Kiev last August, she angrily turned on the watching reporters: "Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm not seriously hurt."

Her one interest, which she carries to the point of obsession, is horses. "You ride horses, you talk horses, you think horses," Prince Philip reportedly once told her. "You may end up looking like a horse." Kinder commentators say that she has her ancestors' "Hanoverian features," meaning that her nose is somewhat larger than average and her chin somewhat smaller. If the couple's marriage was not made in heaven, it was, by their standards, made in the next best place—the stable. They met in 1968 at a dinner party for Britain's Olympic competitors; Mark was an alternate on the equestrian team. He is as keen on horses as Anne is, and some of their dates were fox hunts.

The wedding may well be the last time the spotlight shines on Anne. Fearful of her sometimes quite visible boredom at official ceremonies, Buckingham Palace has seemingly given up on her as a royal standard-bearer, just as it has on Princess Margaret.

Mark, who is both handsome and amiable, could conceivably add some sheen to her image, and the two of them could further cement the royal family's relations with the "county" set—the rich, landed gentry of tweeds, hounds and horses. No one in the palace, however, is hoping for too much. "This is not a bright boy," says one royal-family observer, "but a good, clean English boy." An English boy without, so far, an English title. Already the curious are wondering when the Queen will see fit to elevate Mark Antony Peter Phillips, who is Anne's 13th cousin, three times removed, to the peerage.

The Widow of Windsor

Among those who were conspicuously not invited to Princess Anne's wedding was the widow of her Great-Uncle David, King Edward VIII, Wallis Warfield Spencer Simpson, Duchess of Windsor, whose husband relinquished the British throne for "the woman I love," lives quietly in an elegant French-owned villa on the fringe of Paris' Bois de Boulogne. Charles J.V. Murphy, a former editor of FORTUNE and LIFE and an old friend of the Windsors', recently visited the duchess. His report:

In his final hours, the duke was haunted by the realization that all too soon he would no longer be around to shield her. He was right: 17 months after his death, the widow of Windsor, 77, is a bored, lonely and sometimes ailing

woman. The duchess continues her usual rounds of the couturiers, hairdressers and restaurants. But more and more she spends her dwindling evening hours with a detective story or TV. She reads the newspapers, French and English, from front to back. ("It is a bombshell world," she says, "full of violence and horror. I no longer understand or like it too much.") Except for flowers (about which she knows a lot) and running a house (her greatest talent), she has no hobbies or serious interests.

Still, she loves to entertain even now, and gives her usual "little dinners." She has a knack for bringing a table to life. "I need company," she says. "Not many at a time, though. Three or four, or half a dozen at most. Nowadays, two tables of ten represent a real gala." In the duke's day it was nothing for 40 to sit down to crested linen and crystal, to incomparable wine and food. "We usually had music. The duke loved to dance and to take a turn at the drums. But I don't dance any more, nor do my friends. We've suddenly become old."

She finds it difficult to line up guests who are congenial and interesting and yet not tiring. Many former regulars at her table have died, and others have simply drifted away. Often the duchess dines with either her present or former secretary. The current secretary was once a U.S. Foreign Service officer. The other is a one-time Air France stewardess. Her royal in-laws, numerous enough to fill a banquet hall, never approved of the marriage and have never sat at her table, though Prince Charles and Princess Alexandra come by for tea when they are in Paris. They call her Aunt Wallis.

When the duke died, there were no bequests to church or charity, to relatives, godchildren, lifelong friends or



THE DUCHESS IN HER LIMOUSINE DURING AN EVENING OUT IN PARIS LAST YEAR
"The night is so short/ and the day comes so quickly . . ."

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THE WORLD

faithful servants. He left his entire estate to his wife, and they agreed before his death how their possessions would be distributed after she goes. Only the duchess and her bankers know the estate's value, which is probably well in excess of \$10 million. This does not include the silver services and *objets d'art*, the superb porcelains, the furniture and paintings. Nor does it take into account such historic treasures as the desk from which he delivered his abdication speech at Windsor Castle.

His many uniforms and scores of decorations have been sent back to England for permanent display, but all his other personal possessions remain where they were. His shirts are still stacked neatly in his bedroom drawers, his suits hang in his dressing room closet. His toilet things are spread in his bathroom. His desk is ready for instant use, with ample supplies of paper clips, pipe cleaners, pens and pencils and different inks. His favorite photographs (23 of the duchess alone) stand on his mantel and bookcases, all exactly as he left them. Every night the duchess comes to his bedroom before retiring to her own. She makes sure that everything is in place, then says aloud: "Good night, David."

Iron Fence. Her desire to be surrounded by her possessions and his explains why she abandoned her plan to move to a hotel: "I like to be with my own things. Besides, the duke wanted me to go this way." Another reason is her reluctance to disband her staff of 17 servants. Still another factor: Black Diamond and Gin-Seng, the last of the dynasty of pug dogs who pranced about the Windsors in a thousand news photos. "We are all happier here, and safer than in a hotel," says the duchess. "I have always been timid," she admits. "Thunderstorms frighten me, and I won't travel in planes if I can avoid it."

A high, spiked iron fence surrounds the house on the Bois. The heavy gate, always locked, is guarded round the clock, and an electronic alarm system supplements the bars at every window. A former French paratrooper patrols the grounds. The duchess has her own "hot line" to the police station at the corner. Special security agents are on call to accompany her when she goes out in the evening. She never uses sleeping pills or earplugs. "I want to be alert," she says. Often at night she gets up and goes to the windows to see that the watchman is on his rounds. On her bed table she keeps the duke's pistol.

These autumn evenings, she likes to reminisce about happier days. Recently, she surprised some guests by singing the German words to a sentimental old waltz that she and the duke first heard in Vienna long ago. Translation:

I know a small hotel in the Wieden
On a small hidden street.
The night is so short.
And the day comes so quickly...
Come with me, my little countess!

*A quiet residential section of Vienna.

Inevitably, the strains of that romantic waltz are receding into the corridors of her memory, along with the echoes of those exquisitely heady days at Biarritz and Palm Beach, of yachts and private railroad cars, suites and great houses, and—not the least—of the near accession to a throne.

She has chosen her tombstone—cream-colored Welsh marble—to match the duke's. She has even settled on the inscription: "Wallis, Duchess of Windsor." One day her stone will be placed alongside his under a wide-spreading plane tree on the lawn at Frogmore in Windsor Park, where the bodies of Victoria and Albert also lie. In life, the royal family would not receive Wallis Ward Spencer Simpson. One day she will be among them forever.

to consolidate his relations with Argentina's generals. The separate commands of the armed forces were abolished shortly before the inaugural. Perón now is in direct command of the entire military, a position that should allow him to suppress any potential revolt before it gets very far. He also launched "Operation Dorrego," a flood-relief project in which army units worked with Peronist youth to reclaim lands ruined by disastrous floods earlier this year. Significantly, a "provisional council" has been set up and is charged with "ideological purification" of the Justicialist Party. What this means in effect is a purge of the party's roilsome leftists.

Perón's disenchantment with the left became evident during the early days of Cámpora's presidency. As a reward

LONDON



PERÓN & WIFE ISABELITA AFTER INAUGURAL CEREMONIES IN BUENOS AIRES

ARGENTINA

Purging the Left

Careful observers of Juan Perón's inauguration ceremonies in Buenos Aires' ornate Government House last month would have seen clues to the way that the 78-year-old *caudillo* planned to run Argentina. For one thing, Perón wore his general's uniform for the first time since he was stripped of his rank 18 years ago. For another, former President Héctor Cámpora was not even invited to Government House.

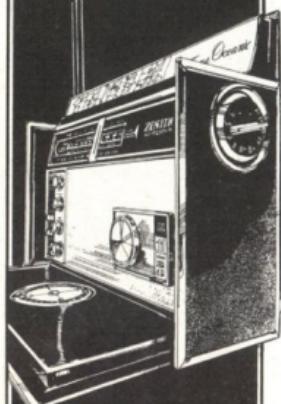
The two events, as it turns out, had a related significance. Perón's decision to wear the uniform was a sign of his intent to continue his rapprochement with the military. Cámpora's absence from the ceremonies was a further sign that *el Líder* was wary of the youthful leftist Peronists who had helped elect the former dentist to the presidency last March.

Perón moved quickly and adroitly

to his young leftist supporters, Cámpora pardoned jailed guerrillas and told police to ease up on leftists. Meanwhile kidnapping and political murders increased. When Perón returned from exile last June, he was shocked to see the meadows adjoining Ezeiza Airport turned into a battleground between warring Peronists. In an address on nationwide radio and television, Perón immediately blasted those who sought to "grab" the movement from its rightful leader. Three weeks later he sacked Cámpora, who has been banished from Perón's inner circle. Presumably Cámpora will be rewarmed with a suitable diplomatic post, most likely as Ambassador to Mexico.

Lately, the purge of the left has been accelerated, sometimes violently. Two weeks ago, a leader of the bus drivers' union regarded as being too far left was murdered, apparently by right-wing members of the labor movement. One of his colleagues from the same union was killed a fortnight before that. A third leader of the same union was kid-

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THE WORLD

napped on Nov. 1 and released a day later after being tortured.

Perón has a commanding 64% of the legislature on his side and his political opposition is both divided and ineffectual. The immediate danger is that Perón's get-tough policy against the left could backfire, plunging Argentina into a bitter round of ideological warfare. In recent weeks, there have been new clashes within the Justicialist movement between left- and right-wing Peronists. Last week the armed forces came under attack. A member of the general staff of the infantry was kidnapped by the Marxist-Leninist People's Revolutionary Army, which announced that attacks against the "repressive armed forces" will continue.

SOVIET UNION

The Voice of Discontent

Another prominent Soviet intellectual last week joined the growing debate on East-West détente. In a 7,000-word article circulated in Moscow and published in West Germany's weekly *Die Zeit*, Historian Roy Medvedev, 48, best known for his exhaustive exposé of the Stalinist purges (*Let History Judge*), took issue with several fellow dissidents who believe that Western pressures can lead to internal reforms. Arguing that change in the Soviet system can come only from above, Medvedev expressed fears that demands from the West are more likely to "make more difficult the process of democratization."

Medvedev's argument is directly opposed to that of Physicist Andrei Sakharov (TIME, Sept. 24), who has called for congressional passage of Senator Henry M. Jackson's amendment making most-favored-nation status in Soviet trade contingent upon free emigration. Medvedev praised Sakharov's "unquestionable courage" and denounced the "gross and unjust" harassment that the scientist has suffered from Soviet authorities. But Medvedev also suggested that Sakharov and Novelist Alexander Solzhenitsyn may unwittingly be aiding reactionaries within the Soviet leadership, who can seize on their declarations "to split and demoralize dissidents."

Lagging Behind. The crux of Medvedev's argument is that in the long run "the basic impulses for democratization of the U.S.S.R. must emerge from Soviet society itself." The right kind of Russian leader, he implies, could marshal enormous support "from below" because of widespread discontent over "the slow pace of economic, social and cultural progress, the bureaucratic system, mismanagement, lack of information and the lagging behind Western countries in many respects." Medvedev fears that pressures from the West could backfire and strengthen the hand of regressive elements. Indeed, he observes that there has already been an alarming "shift to the right in our political and so-

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cial life." Still, he is ultimately optimistic, concluding that "the more distant prospect is that détente will undoubtedly promote broadening of democratic rights and freedoms."

Medvedev's pragmatic view does not come as all that much of a surprise. While Sakharov apparently no longer even considers himself a socialist, Medvedev remains a committed Marxist-Leninist. Even though he was expelled from the Party in 1969 for his writings about Stalin, he is respected both by dissidents and many orthodox Communists. Shortly after Medvedev's expulsion, Soviet authorities tried to have his twin brother, Zhores, a brilliant biologist, declared insane for writing a critical book about Stalin's crackpot geneticist, T.D. Lysenko.

Last August the Soviet embassy in London lifted Zholes' passport while he was doing research in Britain. That action may well have influenced Roy Medvedev's poignant comment on freedom of emigration, which he calls "an important civil liberty. But it is more important for conditions to be created here under which the Soviet people would not want to leave their country."

EAST GERMANY

Détente Blues

The steady hemorrhage of people from labor-short East Germany continues to be serious. From January through September, 4,930 East Germans escaped to the West, 20% more than the total for the same period in 1972. This year, the number of escapees is expected to reach 6,500, despite one of the world's most formidable man-made barriers, the Berlin Wall, erected twelve years ago to halt the drain. Last week East Germany's doctrinaire Communist government



PEOPLE SMUGGLER VOSS ON TRIAL
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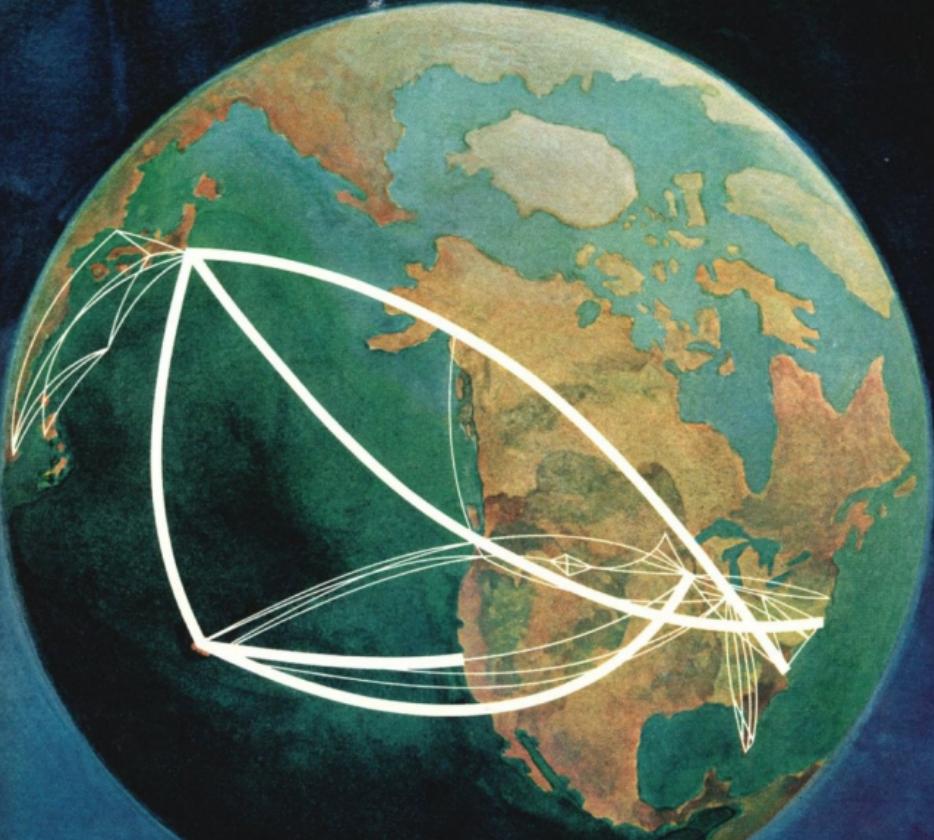
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A man with dark hair and a slight smile is the central figure. He is wearing a red and black plaid shirt over a white t-shirt. He is holding a bow and several arrows in his left arm. In his right hand, he holds a pack of Old Gold Filters cigarettes. In the background, there is a grassy field with a target on a stand. Further back are trees and mountains under a clear sky.

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THE WORLD

took steps to stanch some of the flow by staging the finale of a show trial of three West German people-smugglers in an East Berlin courtroom.

The object of the exercise was less to mete out justice than to pressure the Bonn government into cracking down on the flourishing business of helping East Germans, principally highly trained professionals like doctors and engineers, to escape to the West. Stiff jail sentences were part of the message. One of the accused, a West Berlin seaman named Karl-Heinz Hetzschold, 30, got 11½ years for damaging East German interests and illegal profiteering. The lightest sentence was seven years for long-haired Hans-Dieter Voss, 19.

They were charged with smuggling more than 90 East Germans to the West, most of them in specially-equipped automobiles with false compartments, traveling on Communist autobahns. The court was told that the job had become easier in the détente atmosphere following the 1971 Berlin agreement, when the Communists stopped searching all vehicles using transit routes to Berlin. One of the accused testified that he had paid two U.S. soldiers \$1,600 to help him.

Western newsmen were invited to ensure maximum publicity. They heard carefully orchestrated testimony that the people-smugglers—who allegedly worked for commercial organizations that charged up to \$8,000 to arrange escapes—had been in collusion with the Bonn government and the West Berlin senate.

Violated Agreement. East Germany's party chief, Erich Honecker, underscored the propaganda basis of the trial in an interview with the party newspaper, *Neues Deutschland*. He charged that West Germany had allowed the people-smugglers to take advantage of relaxed controls on access routes running through East Germany that linked West Berlin to West Germany. To Honecker, this violated "the letter and spirit" of the 1971 transit agreement between the two Germans, which makes Bonn responsible for preventing misuse of the routes.

As the trial ended, the East Germans announced—ostensibly for purely economic reasons—that this week they will double the amount of money (currently five marks for each day spent in East Berlin and ten for each spent in the rest of East Germany) that West German and West Berlin visitors must exchange for Eastern marks when they visit the East. In fact, the real motive was to slow the rising number of visitors from the western parts of Germany (expected to be 10 million this year); their affluent presence grates on the nerves of East German party chiefs, and inspires defections.

West Berlin Mayor Klaus Schütz had another explanation for Honecker's charges and the rise in the exchange requirements. "East Germany," he said, "just does not seem to be able to cope with détente any more."

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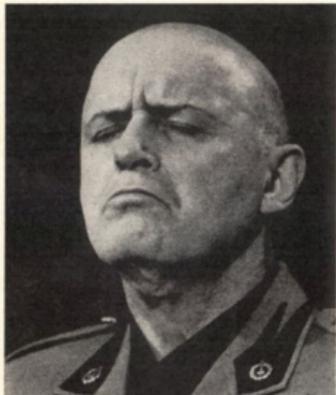
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PEOPLE



ANN-MARGRET IN COMFORTABLE CLOTHES



THE DUCE, ROD STEIGER



MARJORIE REED

In her upcoming show in Las Vegas, **Ann-Margret** will ride onstage on a Harley, wearing a jumpsuit, accompanied by a chorus squad of motorcyclists. At the end of the scene she will unzip the siren suit, revealing herself in a flesh-colored body stocking, before climbing into a high-necked, bead-studded sheath. Offstage, the pneumatic star claims to prefer cover-up clothes. Still, when she showed up in Manhattan last week at Warlock Rex Reed's party for Film Maker Eleanor Perry, Ann-Margret must have known she would be on-camera, so she wore a costume she is comfortable in: a turban, pants, sable coat and the top of one of her bikinis.

Actor **Rod Steiger**, 48, has made a name for himself in strongman roles as Napoleon in *Waterloo*, Al Capone in *Al Capone* and the redneck police chief in *In the Heat of the Night*. For his latest megalomaniac, Steiger has shaved his head and lost 45 lbs. in order to work with Italian Director Carlo Lizzani on a movie (being shot in English) tentatively called *Mussolini . . . the Last Act*. Newsreel flashbacks of the real Duce strutting and posturing at the height of his power will be interspersed with scenes of Steiger playing Mussolini during the last four days of his life. As Steiger says, "He was desperate. He was cornered. He was paying the price of treachery and the ambiguity of those around him. It's what happens to every dictator."

The entire room was stilled as for, say, the presentation of the Nobel Prize. Secretary of State **Henry Kissinger** with NBC's **Barbara Walters** entered Washington's Sans Souci restaurant and, it turned out, walked right into Fellow Diner Art Buchwald's web. Motoring Kissinger over to his table, Humorist Buchwald handed Henry two reels of tape, saying, "Henry, here are the tapes." Amid the general laughter, Kissinger proved he was the stuff of which Metternichs are made. He grinned, said thank you, grew red, and changed the subject. But he did not accept the present.

"I respect and admire people of vaudeville. **Ray Bolger**, for example. An astonishing dancer. And **Fanny Brice**. She did a marvelous skit on me." So said Matriarch of Modern Dance **Martha Graham**, 79, who is best known for her spare interpretations of Greek tragedies. But then splinterbug Graham played two shows a day on the Phantasia circuit in the early twenties. Now on a lecture/concert tour, Graham also had some tart things to say about the Metropolitan Opera's former general manager **Sir Rudolf Bing**. "He had a misconceived notion of the purpose of dance," said Graham, who maintains that every

woman has a touch of Medea and Clytemnestra in her. "He thought of it as fluffy, a superficial sort of thing to permit men to ogle pretty girls."

The show must go on. But even unstoppable **Martha Mitchell** was silenced when Husband John, then the chauffeur, and finally the housekeeper left her without giving notice. Last week Martha Mitchell recovered her voice and was back burning the telephone wires. In a call to U.P.I.'s Helen Thomas, Martha had bad news for Nixon: "He's going to be kicked out." She was also still boiling mad at John, now reputed to be hiding out under an assumed name while he awaits trial in New York. Said Martha: "I suppose he's spending every day sitting in front of the television set and drinking—the way he did before he left." Meanwhile, Martha was particularly comforted by a letter from another former official's wife "because she understands what we have both been through." The empathetic correspondent? **Judy Agnew**.

In a voice far from humane and language unbecoming a philosopher, **Jean-Paul Sartre** lashed out at the right-wing Paris weekly *Minute*. Writing last year in his now defunct left-wing newspaper *The People's Cause*, Sartre described *Minute* reporters as "professional murder mongers and podgy assassins," adding ominously that he had their addresses and knew how to make use of them should it become necessary. Next thing knew, the *Minutemen* had taken him to court for threatening their lives. Last week a Paris judge agreed with the *Minute*, rejecting Sartre's counterclaim that he was threatened by metaphor when the *Minute* called him "the red cancer of the nation" before noting "cancer should be operated on." Deciding that there had been enough acrimony, he fined Sartre just \$93, plus 23¢ in damages to each of the plaintiffs.

The gallant music director Stan Freeman climbed onto a piano stool to kiss the star's hand as she bowed to a standing ovation at suburban Washington's Shady Grove Music Fair. Suddenly, he toppled off the stool, dragging **Marlene Dietrich**, 68, down into the pit with him. Landing in the string section, Doughty Dietrich sustained a gouged gum, but struggled to her feet and waved bravely to her fans. Back in her hotel, she went straight to the top for medical treatment: chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Health **Ted Kennedy**. At 12 midnight Kennedy's staff was unable to fulfill Marlene's request for room-service surgery. Instead, she was urged to go to the George Washington University Hospital's emergency room, which, the next morning, is just what a disillusioned Dietrich did.

DANCER GRAHAM BACK ON THE BOARDS

Know-well



You can't tell a TIME reader by his occupation, or his avocation. They're scuba divers and scientists, teachers and theologians, outdoorsmen and insiders.

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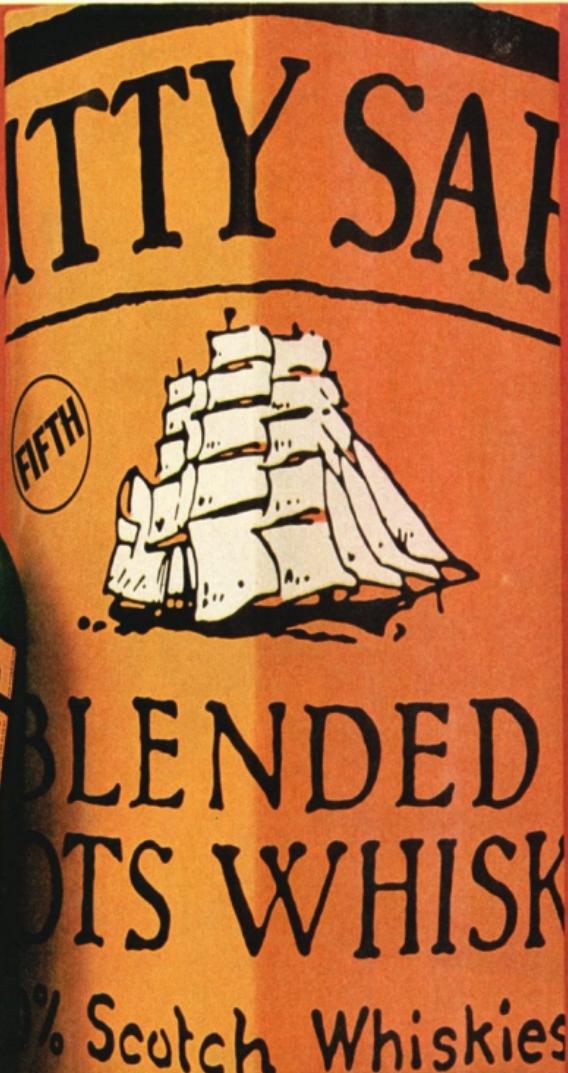
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Make someone happy.

SCIENCE

Looking Outward Again

Although public interest in space has waned sharply since the moon landings, the U.S. is now engaged in perhaps the most ambitious exploration of the solar system since the start of the space age. At Cape Canaveral, NASA last week was preparing for the launch of the Skylab 3 mission, which may become the longest manned space flight. An unmanned U.S. craft, Pioneer 10, is closing in on Jupiter after a voyage of 20 months across more than half a billion miles of the solar system. Still another unmanned spacecraft, Mariner 10, is speeding toward a fly-by of Venus and later will provide the first closeup view of Mercury—man's first two-planet survey with a single space probe.

For a while the Skylab mission seemed to be in trouble. Only four days before the Nov. 10 launch date, workmen at the Kennedy Space Center discovered hairline cracks around bolts on all eight stabilizing fins of the Saturn 1-B booster that is to launch the ferry ship toward a rendezvous with the orbiting space station. The cracks may have developed when the rocket's fuel tanks were filled, enormously increasing the weight on the fins. Exposed to Florida's salty air, the fins may have been weakened by corrosion. To avert a calamitous accident after lift-off, NASA officials ordered all the fins replaced with spares rushed in from the Saturn assembly facility at Michoud, La. Hopeful that the replacement would take only a few days, NASA rescheduled the launch for Nov. 15.

New Experiments. Astronauts Gerald Carr, William Pogue and Edward Gibson, a physicist, have been assigned a long list of new experiments. These range from opening carbonated beverages (to see if they bubble in zero G), to breeding gypsy moths (in hopes of mass producing sterile offspring to reduce the pest population on earth), to observing Comet Kohoutek, which will make its closest approach to the sun during the Skylab mission. For their stay in space, which may be extended to 80 days, the men will carry along some 200 lbs. of extra food: beverages, catsup and several hundred little high-nutrition food bars (flavors: chocolate, vanilla and raspberry). If all goes well, NASA officials think that the mission could lead to the establishment of permanent space stations—and eventually to their use as launch pads for manned trips to the moon and the planets.

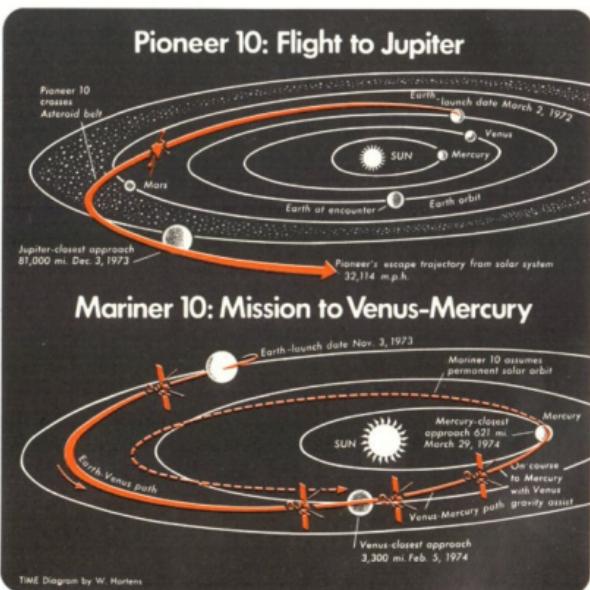
For the time being, the only interplanetary voyagers are robots like Pioneer 10. Approaching its maximum speed of 78,000 m.p.h.—faster than any previous man-made object—the spacecraft last week crossed the orbital paths of the three outermost of Jupiter's twelve moons. By Dec. 3, Pioneer will pass

within 81,000 miles of Jupiter itself, then swing around the massive planet and be accelerated by its gravity to so high a speed that it will escape from the solar system entirely—the first spacecraft ever to do so. Before leaving Jupiter's vicinity, Pioneer will collect reams of data—on the Jovian atmosphere and turbulent cloud cover, on the mysterious Red Spot, on the planet's interior and surrounding environment—as well as take two-color closeup pictures of Jupiter and its inner moons. There is one possible hitch: Jupiter's intense radiation belts could destroy the probe's electrical circuitry. But NASA scientists are optimistic about Pioneer's prospects. "Even if we go in there and die," says Project Scientist John Wolfe, "we'll find out a hell of a lot of useful information."

Mariner 10 may also run into some



DRAWING OF PIONEER OVER JUPITER



unexpected difficulties on the way to Venus and Mercury. Shortly after launch on Nov. 3, controllers discovered that the three tiny heaters used to protect the spacecraft's camera system from the bitter cold of deep space had failed to turn on. On-board temperatures have dropped to -22° F. So far the twin TV cameras have survived. If they hold out, they will take as many as 5,000 pictures of Venus as the spacecraft approaches the cloud-covered planet next February. Then, swept around by the planet's grav-

ity, Mariner will slow down enough to fall inward toward Mercury. (Without the gravity assist by Venus, a more powerful launch rocket or a smaller payload would have been needed.) By March Mariner will come within 621 miles of Mercury, a hot, dense planet that never appears as more than an indistinct blur in earthbound telescopes, and take some 2,500 pictures of it. They should show surface details of Mercury and remove some of the mystery about the planet closest to the sun.

EDUCATION

LARRY KRAMER

Which color TV needs fewest repairs?

TV service technicians say Zenith.

Again.

For the second consecutive year, a nationwide survey of independent TV service technicians named Zenith, by more than 2 to 1 over the next best brand, as needing fewest repairs.

QUESTION: "In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?"

ANSWERS:

Zenith 35%

Brand A 14%

Brand B 11%

Brand C 5%

Brand D 3%

Brand E 3%

Brand F 2%

Brand G 2%

Brand H 2%

Brand I 1%



Other Brands 3% About Equal 13% Don't Know 11%

NOTE: Answers total more than 100% because some service technicians named more than one brand. Survey details on request.

ZENITH
The quality goes in
before the name goes on.



STUDENTS AT THE ALGIERS COFFEE HOUSE, A FAVORITE ARAB HAUNT NEAR HARVARD

Arabs in Academe

Tucked under the Brattle Theater in Cambridge, Mass., the dimly lit Algiers Coffee House is a haven for Arab students at Harvard. Over thick coffee and unleavened Syrian bread, they huddle there nightly to talk about the conflict at home and about their own uneasy status in the U.S. The fact that among students and faculty there are few Arabs—and many Jews—at Harvard aggravates Arab feelings of isolation. Senior Omar Rifai, a Jordanian, feels more like an object of curiosity than discrimination, but he claims that he still has to listen to some of his professors say "that the Arabs are cowardly, that we live in tents."

To the Arabs at universities across the country, America is a land where they are at best misunderstood and at worst harassed and insulted. More serious than any personal affront is the condescension to all things Arab that both students and scholars think infects American scholarship as well.

The Middle East programs, from which American students get their knowledge of Arab society, go back to the 18th century, when Hebrew and Arabic were valued for their relevance to biblical and archaeological studies. They have thrived in recent years with funds from the post-Sputnik National Defense Education Act, the Ford Foundation and oil companies. Today leading centers—generally umbrella departments coordinating language, history, cultural and political studies—are at Princeton, U.C.L.A., Columbia, Chicago, Berkeley, Harvard and Michigan.

Arabs charge that these centers are beset by a condition known as "Arab-

lessness," and that this in turn gives American students a distorted, outsiders' view of Arab culture. A major manifestation is a lack of scholars from the Arab world, particularly in contemporary studies. Harvard, for instance, has three Arabs on its tenured faculty, but two are medievalists and the third is a linguist. There are no tenured Arabs at all in the University of Chicago's Middle Eastern program, and only one in a staff of 15 at Berkeley.

Cultural Gap. The few Arab scholars who are here often find their role awkward or ambiguous, and a comparison with the situation of blacks in major U.S. universities ten years ago is not outlandish. Northwestern Political Scientist Ibrahim Abu-Lughod, a Palestinian, dismisses many Arab professors here as "Uncle Ahmeds" who are treated as mere "native informants" rather than experts.

Many universities despair of finding a qualified Arab who would be willing to settle into what they admit is a hostile environment. Says the director of Harvard's center, Turkish Anthropologist Nur Yalman: "Arabs who are educated enough to compete in the environment of the Western university are already the cream of the cream." He adds that such men have a "serious consciousness of a deep cultural gap between the Christian and the Moslem worlds."

The center's assistant director, A.J. Meyer, also concedes Harvard's relatively Arabless state and notes that "all our students have the impression that some kind of plot is working against their point of view." The loudest complaints are about the lack of courses in modern, colloquial Arabic, contempo-

The answers to some questions frequently asked by our sponsors

If you are considering sponsoring a child through the Christian Children's Fund, certain questions may occur to you. Perhaps you will find them answered here.

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only \$12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or Project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in about two weeks, giving you information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the Home or Project overseas.

Q. What type of Projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides Orphanages and Family Helper Projects, CCF is affiliated with homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of Projects.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. Is CCF independent or church operated? A. Independent. CCF is incorporated as a nonprofit organization. We work closely with missionaries of all faiths, welfare agencies and foreign governments, helping youngsters regardless of race or creed.

Q. When was CCF started, and how large is it now? A. 1938 was the beginning, with one Orphanage in China. Today, over 180,000 children are being assisted in 60 countries. However, we are not interested in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a bridge between the American sponsor, and the child being helped overseas.

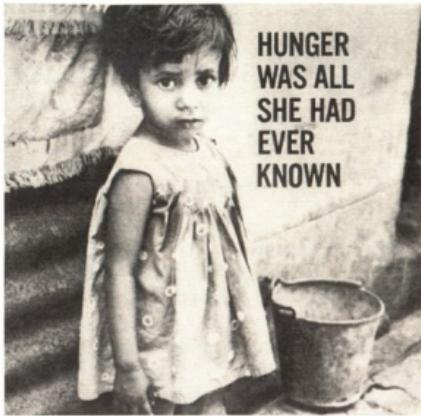
Q. May I visit my child? A. Yes. Our Homes and Projects around the world are delighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the superintendent in advance of your scheduled arrival.

Q. May groups sponsor a child? A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that one person serve as correspondent for a group.

Q. Are all the children orphans? A. No. Although many children have no parents, some have one living parent unable to care for the child properly. Others come to us because of abandonment, broken homes, serious illness of one or both parents, or parents just too poor to care for their children.

Q. How can I be sure that the money I give actually reaches the child? A. CCF keeps close check on all children through field offices, supervisors and caseworkers. Homes and Projects are inspected by our staff. Each Home is required to submit an annual audited statement.

Q. Is CCF registered with any government agency? A. Yes. CCF is registered with the U.S. State Department's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, holding Registration No. 080.



**HUNGER
WAS ALL
SHE HAD
EVER
KNOWN**

Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she didn't understand why her mother couldn't get up, or why her father didn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach wouldn't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret was dying of malnutrition. She had periods of fainting, her eyes strangely glazed. Next would come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every day*.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough to feed a family of six in India.

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal might be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story has a happy ending, thanks to the American who sponsored her. And for only \$12 a month you can also sponsor a needy child, helping provide food, clothing, shelter—and love.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards—and priceless friendship.

Since 1938, American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

So won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Philippines, Indonesia and Guatemala. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills, Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261



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I wish to sponsor a boy girl in (Country) _____

Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay \$12 a month. I enclose first payment of \$_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$_____

Please send me more information.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____

Zip_____

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EDUCATION

rary politics and economics. At the University of Michigan center, less than a dozen of 180 courses touch on contemporary conditions in any way. According to Maan Z. Medina, a Syrian professor of Arabic studies at Columbia, "there is no single study of Arab nationalism here. Arabic literature as such, especially in the modern period, is virgin territory."

Another frequent accusation is that Western scholarship tends to scrutinize Arabs as if they were some primitive tribe, and ignores their view of their own culture. Mahmud A. Ghul, a visiting Palestinian professor at Harvard, says, "Western scholarship still treats the whole of Islamic civilization as a pale shadow of Western Christian thought. This is the academic version of the missionary or colonialist approach."

The fact is that in the U.S., the Near Eastern field is dominated by Jews. Some Arab students tend to dismiss them all as "Zionists," but others acknowledge that in the classroom their Jewish professors are objective.

Faculty members note that they are introducing their Jewish students to the Arab point of view for the first time. Still the recent war caused tension even among professors. "It was never discussed," says Malcolm Kerr of U.C.L.A. "During the fighting you'd see Jewish faculty seated at lunch with their friends, Arab faculty with theirs. Emotions are just too high. Arguments over this could rip us apart."

The Arkitects

The rains were light in Northern California when the creative writing class of Willits High School selected its group project. Nevertheless, it decided to re-create Noah's ark complete with animals. The students exercised their writing abilities in letters soliciting help for the project. (All were signed Noah Lamechson, Noah being, of course, the son of Lamech.) Eventually they put together a 21-page booklet recounting their experiences. Entitled *You Can't Build an Ark in Mendocino County*, it shows that the class learned at least one lesson: if Noah were around today, chances are he would drown in red tape.

Among the students' frustrations:

► The Bank of America refused "Mr. Lamechson" a \$500,000 loan to build the boat and acquire the necessary animals, saying that "there does not appear to be enough of one kind of animal to provide an economic unit."

► The post office informed Lamechson that he could not legally ship any animals except baby chickens.

► Several trucking companies refused to move elephants—even a firm that advertised, "No job too big for us."

Despite the setbacks, the students have not given up. Going by the biblical statement that the flood began "in the second month, the seventeenth day," the class at Willits High still has about three months to prove that you can build an ark in Mendocino County.

ART

Out of the Shade

Lee Krasner has been a painter for 40 years—not a woman meant to live in the shadow of anybody else. But by an accident of love, she fell into such shade when she married a great artist, Jackson Pollock.

Krasner accepted the traditional burdens of a genius' wife, supporting, protecting and at times nursing. At the time her own work seemed to her "irrelevant." That she maintained the germ of independence as a painter is only now becoming apparent, some 17 years after Pollock's death. In recognition of her separate stature, Manhattan's Whitney Museum this week has mounted a show of her largest and latest work.

The long subjugation to Pollock's spirit began in 1940. Manhattan's McMillan Gallery was putting on a show of Picasso, Matisse and Braque, and proposed to have three unknown Americans exhibited with them. One was Willem de Kooning, another was Jackson Pollock, the third was Lee Krasner. At the time, Krasner was 32 and totally absorbed in the bohemian life.

She knew De Kooning, but had not heard of Pollock. She looked up his address, found he was living only a block away. "Being of an impulsive nature," she recalls, "I lunged right over. I walked up five floors, knocked, and I realized that I had met this man four years earlier at a party—he was a lousy dancer." Then she looked at his paintings. "I almost died," she remembers.

Deadly Cycle. Instead she moved in. They lived together at the Greenwich Village apartment until 1945, when they married and bought an old farmhouse in Springs, Long Island.

It was in many ways a curious partnership. Pollock was the son of a Nevada rancher who had moved on to California. Lee's father was a Jewish emigrant from Poland who owned a food store in Brooklyn. Pollock sweated out lonely struggles with himself. Krasner was more suggestible. Sometimes her work echoed Mark Tobey, other times Mondrian, most often De Kooning.

Success began to come to Pollock; and the deadly cycle that can afflict suddenly famous artists started. Pollock fell into drinking bouts and took up with girls; Krasner began to commute to Manhattan to see a psychiatrist.

On an August night in 1956, with two girls in his car, Pollock drove into a tree. Only 44, he was killed instantly. So was one of the girls. The other, Ruth Kligman, has written a pathetic, petty account of the tragedy in a recent issue of *New York* magazine.

For months Lee was rigid with despair. Then, in a sudden blossoming—or release—she began painting again. She also became the art world's most formidable "art widow." As heir to all of

Pollock's work, she doled out paintings at a careful pace, consulted endlessly with lawyers and galleries. Critic Harold Rosenberg once credited her with "almost singlehandedly forcing up the prices for contemporary American art."

She lives comfortably now on Manhattan's East Side, but beyond a weakness for fur coats, she takes little interest in her latter-day wealth. What occupies her is the determination to reassess her artistic individuality. True, she went through a spell of working in Pollock's manner, and even adopted a variant of his famous drip technique (a quick flip of the wrist that produces a delicate staccato of paint). More recently, she has struck loose not only in color but in shape. *Pollination* (1968) derives from childhood memories and the vacant lots

WILFRED ZODARUM



KRASNER & POLLOCK (1950)
Emphatic as a subway ad.

she used to walk across to school, bright with dandelions and buttercups.

Her latest work is totally free of Pollock's tortured line. *Peacock* (1973) is as emphatic as a subway ad, authoritative as a Matisse chasuble. The splintered fan, the quizzical black beak have nothing much to do with peacocks—Krasner's titles are afterthoughts—but they have an irresistible gaiety.

Essentially, Lee Krasner at 65 is a woman in search of (and finding) a self that she gave away for a time for her husband's sake—a sacrifice she does not regret. These days she likes to quote from T.S. Eliot's *Quartets*:

*We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.*

* A.T. Baker

HARLBOROUGH GALLERY



"Seasons" (1957)

DALLAS MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS



"Pollination" (1968)

"Peacock" (1973)



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Members of the Roberto Clemente Little League team on their playing field at El Morro Castle in Old San Juan.

What Roberto Clemente stood for lives on in Puerto Rico

A year ago these Little Leaguers were looking forward to learning the secrets of the game from Roberto Clemente himself. They had heard all about the baseball clinic he was planning.

Then the great Pittsburgh Pirate star died in a plane crash.

The Puerto Rican people were so shocked by his loss that their new Governor postponed the celebration of his inauguration, which had been scheduled for the day after the accident.

Clemente was a national hero not just because he was a great ballplayer. He stood for things Puerto Ricans admire. Hard work. Giving of himself. Helping others. When he died he was on his way to Nicaragua with medical supplies he had collected for victims of an earthquake.

Clemente enjoyed visiting towns all over the island. "I like to get kids together," he said, "and talk about the importance of sports, the importance

of being a good citizen, the importance of respecting their parents."

The simple virtues had served Clemente well. He was a poor boy who made his own way, pulling himself up by his bootstraps.

That is something the Puerto Rican people appreciate in full measure. It is no accident that their remarkably successful program of economic self-help goes under the name of Operation Bootstrap.



He knows if you've been bad or good or exceedingly successful.

Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch

YEARS 12 OLD



U.S. LAUNCH CIRCLING IMPOUNDED CUBAN SHIP IN PANAMA CANAL ZONE WHILE LAWYERS AND DIPLOMATS WRANGLE

THE LAW

Bitter Sugar

The 5,200-ton Cuban freighter *Imias* has been swinging idly at anchor between two locks in the Panama Canal since Oct. 3. Throughout that time a U.S. Zone policeman in a tiny launch has circled the ship with unceasing vigilance. The bizarre scene is part of an international legal tangle that involves money, politics, diplomacy, a violent coup, and howls from all sides directed at the U.S. and the federal judge who is responsible for the launch's vigil.

The mess began during the military overthrow of Chilean President Salvador Allende Gossens. During the coup, a Cuban ship left Valparaiso so quickly that its crew had no time to put ashore four Chilean cranes that were being used to unload sugar. The Cuban captain's haste seemed justified; his vessel was bombed and strafed before escaping to sea. Another Cuban ship laden with sugar turned back to Havana before it made port in Chile. In each instance, Chile's new junta cried foul. It contended that Cuba had to deliver 18,000 metric tons of sugar because the Allende government had paid in advance. If the sugar was not forthcoming, said the junta, then Chile was owed \$8,000,000, including the cost of the cranes.

Cynical Marriage. Chilean lawyers filed papers in the U.S. District Court for the Canal Zone seeking attachment of the ships as they sailed through the canal. Judge Guthrie Crowe granted the order, but authorities just missed nabbing the two sugar-bearing ships. So the attachment was simply applied to the *Imias*, the next Cuban ship that happened along. Meanwhile, in the wake of the coup, a Soviet captain had also decided not to deliver his cargo of chemicals to Chile, and a similar legal action trapped his ship.

Seizures in the canal are not uncommon: the Cuban and Soviet ships were the 17th and 18th to be impounded this year under the legal theory that the presence of the property confers jurisdiction on the U.S. Zone court. In accordance with admiralty law, such actions can be ordered on behalf of claimants who show an apparent debt of the shipowner. The issue is then formally tried in court. Usually, however, the disputes are conventional commercial squabbles.

This time a Havana paper was soon complaining about "the cynical marriage between Washington and the criminal fascist junta of Chile." At a State Department hearing, lawyers for Cuba claimed that the *Imias* is owned by the Castro government and is therefore protected by the doctrine of sovereign immunity. In most cases involving commercial cargo ships, a claim of immunity is not ruled upon until after a full trial. But Washington apparently decided that in view of the politics involved, discretion was the better part of pre-emptive. The State Department advised Crowe to let the *Imias* go.

The court duly deferred to the diplomats, and the Cubans were delighted. The Russians meanwhile worked out a political face-saver by agreeing to deliver to Peru for transshipment to Chile; their vessel was released. But last week, just before the *Imias* would have sailed, the angry Chileans put up a required \$25,000 appeal bond, and the case is now before the U.S. Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals. Thus at week's end the *Imias* was still stuck in the canal, where its captain says he will sink her rather than give her up. The whole episode has left Panamanian officials outraged. With U.S. control of the canal about to be renegotiated, they plan to cite the seizures in support of a demand that U.S. courts be removed from the Canal Zone.

Legal Briefs

► His brother was permanently paralyzed from the neck down in a motorcycle accident, and Lester Zygmankiak, 23, had reached an agonizing decision. "I am here today to end your pain, George. Is that all right with you?" Lester asked. George nodded yes from his hospital bed, and Lester pulled a sawed-off shotgun from under his coat. "The next thing I knew I had shot him."

Lester told jurors in Freehold, N.J. as they considered murder charges against him. Last week, after 2½ hours of deliberation, they found Lester not guilty by reason of temporary insanity. They also found that he was now sane, and he left the court a free man. The verdict was in keeping with past practice: in the U.S. in so-called mercy-killing cases defendants rarely get more than a light sentence and often not even that.

► The idea seemed a natural. The Blackfeet Indian tribe, having full authority over its affairs on the reservation, would authorize the installation of slot machines. White and red man alike could gamble away, and the tribe's coffers would fatten. But when the Palomino Bar on the edge of Glacier National Park put in four machines, a federal agent promptly confiscated the one-armed bandits. A tribal court issued a restraining order, and the whole thing wound up before Federal District Judge Russell Smith. "No doubt the Indian tribes were at one time sovereign, and even now the tribes are sometimes described as being sovereign," said the judge. "The blunt fact, however, is that an Indian tribe is sovereign to the extent that the United States permits it to be sovereign." And Congress long ago banned gambling devices "within Indian country." Final score: Great White Father 1, Blackfeet 0.



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The Duster Coupe is more car than the Maverick Coupe.

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MILESTONES

Married. Peter Finch, 57, England's articulate, stubbornly independent film star (*Sunday Bloody Sunday*, *The Pumpkin Eater*, *Far from the Madding Crowd*); and Eletha Barrett, 30, a Jamaican minister's daughter whom Finch met and moved in with eight years ago; he for the third time, she for the first; in Rome. The couple has a three-year-old daughter.

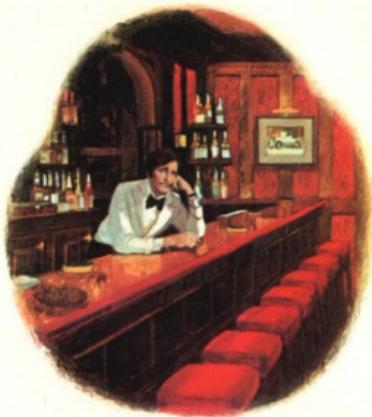
Marriage Revealed. Jean-Claude Killy, 30, French superskier whose downhill dashes through the Alps in 1968 resulted in three Olympic gold medals; and Danièle Gaubert, 29, racy French actress (*Camille 2000*) and former daughter-in-law of the Dominican Republic's late dictator Rafael Trujillo; he for the first time, she for the second; in Archamps, France, on Nov. 2.

Died. Haim Ginott, 51, Israeli-born child psychologist whose bestselling books (*Between Parent and Child*, *Between Parent and Teenager*) illustrated how to deal constructively with plate-breaking, room-messing and procrastinating offspring; after a long illness; in Manhattan.

Died. Rabbi Maurice N. Eisenstadt, 71, president of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations since 1946 and controversial leading spokesman for the more than 1,000,000 Jews who make up the 100-year-old Reform Judaism Movement in the U.S. and Canada; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. An outspoken critic of the Viet Nam war, Rabbi Eisendrath led a successful fight in 1961 to establish a Religious Action Center in Washington, D.C.

Presumed Dead. Liu Shao-chi, 75, Communist China's dour chief of state for a decade until becoming the most prominent purge victim of Mao Tse-tung's Cultural Revolution of 1966-69; of cancer; in Peking. Born in Mao's native province of Hunan, Liu was a member of the Communist Party's Central Committee by 1927 and in 1943 rose to Secretary-General, the No. 2 post in the regime. First denounced in 1966 as a pro-Soviet "revisionist" who favored work incentives, Liu was completely out of power three years later.

Died. George Biddle, 88, portrait painter and muralist who in 1933 helped found the WPA art project that lasted through the 1930s and provided work for such artists as Jackson Pollock, Reginald Marsh and Willem de Kooning. In Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y. A Harvard-trained lawyer whose brother, Francis Biddle, was U.S. Attorney General from 1941 to 1945, Biddle turned to art when he was 26, and became best known for the frescoes he painted in the Department of Justice building in Washington.



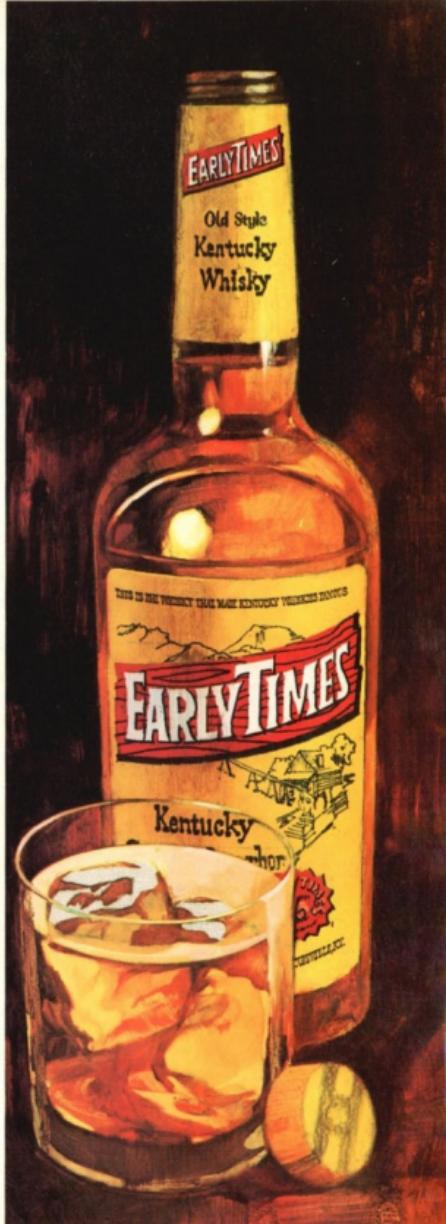
On October 28, 1972,
Emerson Chipps stopped by the
Candlelight Lounge and ordered
a bourbon and soda.

Just as he has every Thursday
evening since 1953.

For 19 years the Candlelight
Lounge served Emerson Chipps,
Early Times.

On October 28, 1972,
they did not.

Goodbye, Mr. Chipps.



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Photographed near Margaree Forks, Nova Scotia.



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The Liver Machine

Shortly after an English couple finished a hearty breakfast in Guernsey last month, both went into comas; the fried mushrooms they had eaten were of the poisonous variety known as death cup. Flown to King's College Hospital in London, they were rushed to a section called the liver research unit, where the husband came out of his coma. But the wife's condition worsened, and doctors decided to connect her circulatory system to the only artificial "liver machine" in the world. Four days later, after being close to death from acute liver poisoning, she regained consciousness and went on to make a speedy recovery.

The remarkable machine, designed by Dr. Roger Williams, 42, has also saved two other patients in deep comas from liver poisoning. The first was a 21-year-old female office worker who suffered a violent reaction to the anesthetic halothane. The second was a 26-year-old mechanic being treated with Pyrimide, a drug used to combat tuberculosis. Each was given four hours a day on the machine; each regained consciousness after four days and is now recovering. Thus in its first few weeks of operation, Williams' machine has already raised hopes that a reliable treatment may soon be available for victims of severe liver poisoning.

Pig or Baboon. The traditional treatment for acute liver failure has included such cumbersome techniques as replacing the patient's entire blood supply by transfusion, or filtering the blood through the liver of a pig or baboon. These procedures are designed to relieve the liver of the task of cleansing the blood, giving the organ an opportunity to regenerate itself. But all of them are unreliable, and even when a patient gets well, there is often doubt that his recovery has been significantly aided by the treatment.

Williams set out to develop a more reliable way of simulating the liver's filtering ability in 1966, when he founded the liver research unit at King's College with one assistant. Backed by private and government grants—and aided by a staff that has now expanded to 44—he devised a series of 2-ft.-high glass columns through which the patient's blood is detoured. The columns are filled with charcoal granules, which filter water-soluble impurities from the blood; additional columns filled with resins are being tested to remove less soluble protein-bound compounds.

Williams is eager to try the machine on more patients, who will not be hard to come by. Many victims of viral hepatitis and of adverse reactions to anesthetics or other drugs develop hepatic coma. The condition may also be brought on by drug abuse; 1,500 persons were admitted to English hospitals in

1971 for liver poisoning caused by Paracetamol, a painkilling tablet.

Williams is proceeding cautiously, watching for side effects and accepting only patients in coma. But results so far make him confident that his machine can eventually sharply reduce the death rate from acute liver failure, which in Britain now kills eight out of every ten victims.

Joyful Dentistry

Engraved in gold and amber, it seemed like a typical Beverly Hills party invitation, except for one thing: the bash was to be held in a dental office. Even so, some 400 curious neighbors turned out last fall to drink and mingle under wooden beams, amid ankle-deep

addition to the soft carpets and music, they offer nervous patients sherry and cognac. More effective anesthetics are also available: a sign at the reception desk announces, "Sleep available for all dental procedures here."

Frankel and Winograde insist that their fees are in the "medium range," comparable with those of dentists in Burbank or Glendale. Yet their clientele consists largely of the wealthy and the famous—most of whom seem delighted with their treatment. Entertainer Gary Crosby reports a new-found relaxation amid the antique English furniture and fabric ceilings. "It is so much less of a trauma," says Crosby. "It's more like going into someone's living room." (Crosby has grown so fond of Frankel, in fact, that he has taken

JULIAN WASHER



FRANKEL & PATIENT IN BEVERLY HILLS OFFICE
No more white jackets, antiseptic smells or waiting rooms.

carpets and expensive French prints. Soft rock music wafted round a small jungle of indoor plants as guests explored color-coordinated treatment rooms and dental equipment discreetly hidden away in wooden cabinets. The idea, explained mod-garbed Dentists Gerard Frankel and Richard Winograde, was to create a soothing atmosphere for fearful patients.

The camouflaged office has apparently filled a deep-rooted need. Business has grown fast, and Frankel and Winograde are planning another cocktail party to announce that a third dentist is joining the office.

"The ordinary filling-station look of a dentist's office is obscene, repulsive," says Frankel. "I hate it. Why can't dental offices be beautiful?" Indeed, Frankel and Winograde are so convinced of the importance of aesthetic surroundings that they sank about \$50,000 into décor alone, compared with about \$1,500 spent on furnishing a typical dentist's office. The Beverly Hills dentists have also catered to the other senses; in

him on as a tennis partner.) Sandy Eisner, a Cleveland steel executive who drops in for treatment during business trips to Los Angeles, is another satisfied customer. "The whole office relaxes you and puts you at ease," he says. "You don't get that cold feeling."

Hollywood Dentist Gordon Bennett, ex-chairman of the California Dental Association's ethics committee, who will soon join Frankel and Winograde as a partner, feels that there is a growing trend toward making dentistry a less painful experience. "The whole atmosphere of white jackets, antiseptic smells and waiting rooms," he says, "is on the way out."

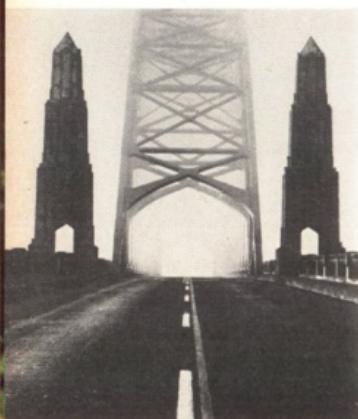
While no amount of pop psychology or gimmicks will completely do away with the patients' discomfort, it apparently works wonders for the dentists. "Most dentists are unhappy with dentistry," says Frankel. "They work in sterile, cramped quarters and can't wait to get out. It is hard physical work dealing with frightened people. But we actually look forward to coming to work."



VIEW OF NEW YORK HARBOR FROM COVEN POINT, N.J.

GOOD

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YACQUINA BAY BRIDGE, OREGON

View of America

As a successful photographer, David Plowden, 41, has crisscrossed the U.S. on assignments from magazines, book publishers and the Bureau of Public Roads. His favorite subjects, he says, are "our heroic machines and the great though often anonymous examples of our building art." Two years ago, the Smithsonian Institution in Washington sifted through a decade of Plowden's work and organized a show of 75 remarkable black-and-white photos. Now these same pictures have been collected in a handsomely designed and printed

paperbound book entitled *The Hand of Man on America* (Chatham Press; \$5.95). In a subtle, ironic way, Plowden's shots tell more about the nation and its manifest values than reams of reports, plans and environmental statements.

Plowden starts innocently enough by depicting the vast sweep of prairie spaces, made human—and eloquent—by scattered farmhouses and fences. Man's hand is clearly benevolent there. Soon another marvelous photo captures a church on a cross-crowned hill. Despite its almost biblical overtones, the scene is catapulted into the present by the true nature of the crosses—actually a telegraph pole and a highway sign—and by adjacent State Highway No. 7, apparently a road to nowhere. Which is really the more important, the photo seems to ask, road or church?

The book continues with examples of the everyday scenes that hardly anyone stops to notice: a defacing web of electric and telephone wires across California's lovely Owens Valley, an empty parking lot behind a blank-walled movie theater in Paramus, N.J., an ugly car-wash building in Lorain, Ohio. Each photo is as carefully composed as a painting by Edward Hopper, and disappointment clearly shows in each. Turning to the great achievements of the past, Plowden finds little consolation. The splendid ferries and mighty iron bridges that he loves to photograph are obsolescent and vanishing. In Lordville, N.Y., he shows a once proud but now decaying house by some railroad tracks; it serves as a melancholy reminder of a grander and gentler era.

Plowden's cumulative point seems to be that carelessness and mobility have become the great American character-

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Sandy Scott, Advertising Manager, Evinrude Division of Outboard Marine Corp., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



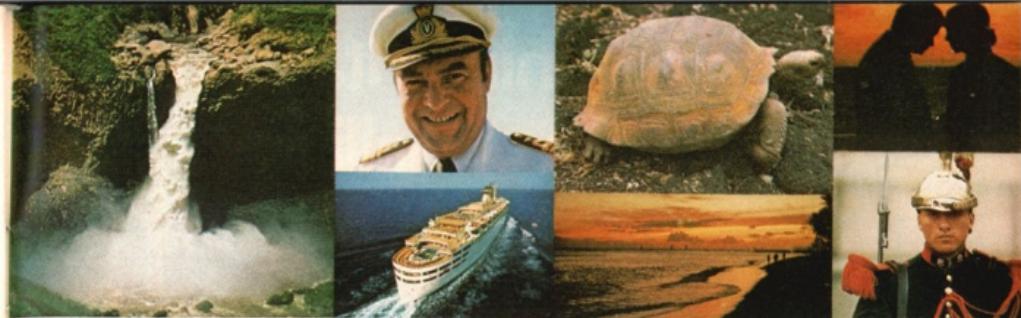
"I firmly believe that you can't buy something from somebody unless you know he's got it for sale," stressed Mr. Scott. "Consequently, at Evinrude we make it a point to push the Yellow Pages to our dealers. We'll put them in as many directories as they care to be in."

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3 OUT OF 4 PROSPECTS LET THEIR FINGERS DO THE WALKING.



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The gown was created for Liquore Galliano by Galitzine of Rome.
Actress Greta Vayan was photographed along the Appian Way.



ENVIRONMENT

istics at the expense of beauty, permanence, humanity. He sums up his attitudes in a picture of the Statue of Liberty with its back turned on a desolate scene in Jersey City.

Leaking Electricity

Schoolteacher John Miller and a neighbor were painting Miller's barn roof at his farm near Lucasville, Ohio. Wham! The neighbor was almost knocked off his aluminum ladder by an electric shock. In the town of Franklin Furnace, Farmer C.B. Ruggles' son was riding his pony when—whap!—he and the animal were jolted, apparently by electrical charges in the metallic parts of the bridle and stirrups. A housewife in Lucasville turned on the tap to do the dishes—and zap!

The source of the troubles is the Ohio Power Co.'s new "extra-high-voltage" (765,000-volt) transmission line through southern Ohio. It is radiating so powerful an electromagnetic field that an unconnected fluorescent tube would light up. It is all very spectacular, but residents are not amused.

Utilities, on the other hand, are enthusiastic. They hail the 765-kilovolt line as one of their industry's great new developments. The lines not only carry up to 50% more electrical power than conventional 345-kv. or 500-kv. lines, but also lose much less energy in transmission from generating plants to cities

—an important consideration in the growing energy crisis. So far, about 1,000 miles of such lines are in operation, mostly in the Midwest and Far West—with thousands more miles of the lines scheduled to be built in the next decade.

Before that happens, people who live along the existing 765-kv. lines feel that a few problems should be worked out. The main one is that the high-voltage alternating current sets up a powerful electromagnetic field that induces voltages and currents in any electrical conductor—generally metallic objects—with about 200 ft. of the lines. In addition, the field ionizes the air (ordinarily a good insulator) surrounding the lines, turning it into a fairly good conductor of electricity. That allows some of the current in the lines to leak off, creating a bluish glow around the wires. This happens especially at points where the lines have a flaw (a faulty section of wire, a minor scratch, a coating of soot or pollen) and in damp weather, when air becomes a better conductor. The result: high-tension experiences for everyone in the vicinity of the line.

In a recent survey, 18 families living near Ohio Power Co.'s line reported being shocked by touching farm machinery, wire fences or even damp clotheslines. Two women complained of shocks received while on the toilet. Other complaints were bad TV reception and the sizzling sound of the electrical

discharge. Said C.B. Ruggles, whose farm is split by the line: "You'd swear we were living near a waterfall."

While all this is annoying, there is apparently another, even more remarkable effect of the 765-kv. lines. Says Ruggles: "I've noticed that corn won't mature under the line. The ears come out, but they won't mature, and you have to chop them up for silage." In her recent book on the subject, *Power Over People* (Oxford University Press; \$7.50), Physicist Louise Young gives one possible reason: the discharge of high voltages into the air can produce ozone, a form of oxygen with three (rather than two) atoms in its molecular makeup, and oxides of nitrogen. Ozone can oxidize or "burn" healthy tissue, and nitrogen oxides form nitrous acid and one of the major components of smog. All of these might well affect people and plants that live near the lines.

Ankle Chain. Electric utility officials insist that scientific tests show that the lines are not producing ozone or any other harmful effects. As for the shocks, simply grounding all buildings and fences near the lines will fix that. Schoolteacher Miller, for one, feels that this solution is impractical. When he finally went back to paint his barn, after it was grounded, the power company advised him to trail a metal chain from his ankle to the roof as an additional ground. Miller refused to do that, but, he says, "I painted very, very carefully."

Watching home movies just became as easy as watching television.

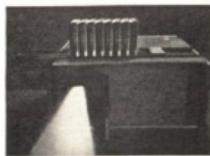


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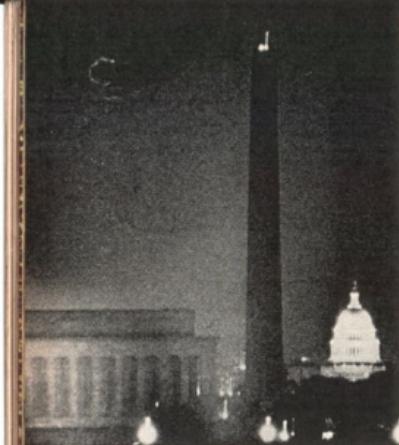
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DARKENED MONUMENTS IN WASHINGTON



LOWERED LIMITS ON NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE



ENERGY/COVER STORY

The Arabs' New Oil Squeeze:

Rushing to work last week, John Doe, American, swung his car onto the freeway—only to discover that the posted speed limit had been reduced from 60 m.p.h. to 50 m.p.h. When he stopped at a gas station for a refill, he learned that overnight the price had gone up 2¢ per gal. At his office he felt unusually cool because the thermostats had been pushed down a couple of degrees, to a brisk 68°. Later, when he finished work and was driving home, he noticed that the lights on outdoor advertising signs had been dimmed. In his living room he was greeted by his children, who gleefully reported that their school would be closed for a month this winter—in order to save oil.

In the backward but wakening desert kingdom of Saudi Arabia, there was plenty of oil, and the wealth that it brought was beginning to show. Building cranes stuck their necks up everywhere in the few cities; Ferraris and Mercedes glistened in the showrooms, and the markets bulged with imported consumer goods. The national treasury was overflowing with foreign exchange, and there was talk of starting new industries to be fueled and financed by oil: petrochemicals, aluminum, steel. Indeed, Saudi Arabia was strong enough that it could afford to cut back oil production in order to make the rest of the world pay a higher price for it—in more ways than one.

As the voracious demand for oil increasingly outstripped new sources of supply in recent years, an energy crisis crept up on the world with fateful inevitability. Yet, despite spreading signs of scarcity, most government leaders in the U.S., Europe and Japan paid little heed to calls from oilmen for urgent measures to expand energy resources and curb waste. Instead, they chose to believe that there was time to formulate some painless strategy to avert a genuine global emergency.

Now time has abruptly run out. The Arabs, who control nearly 60% of the world's proven deposits, are slowing down the flow. Through this strategy of squeeze, they hope to pressure the industrial nations into forcing Israel to make peace on terms favorable to the Arabs. Moreover, they are steadily intensifying their oil shakedown. Originally they planned to reduce production by at least 5% each month. Later they embargoed all oil shipments to the U.S. and The Netherlands, in punishment for their support of Israel. Last week, showing new unity and clout, ten Arab countries announced that production for November will be slashed a minimum of

25% below the September total of 20.5 million bbl. per day. Though there has been promising progress toward a lasting settlement in the Middle East, the Arabs vow that they will continue their cutbacks and embargoes until Israel withdraws behind its 1967 borders and settles the Palestinian refugees' claims for land or money—or both.

The guiding force of the Arab oil strategy is the shrewd, durable and ascetic leader of Saudi Arabia, King Feisal ibn Abdul Aziz al Saud. Feisal's raw desert kingdom sits atop the world's richest oil deposit; the best estimates of Saudi Arabia's proven reserves run to 137 billion bbl.—one-fifth of the world's total. Feisal's oil wealth has made him a combination banker and big brother to the Arab nations. He also commands special respect among the world's 471 million Moslems because his kingdom embraces Islam's two holiest cities, Mecca and Medina. Feisal has a keener understanding of the West than most Arab leaders, and since he became king nine years ago, his relations with Europe and particularly the U.S. have been good.

The Saudi king long resisted calls by such firebrands as Libya's Strongman Muammar Gaddafi and Iraq's President Ahmed Hassan Bakr that the Arabs wield their "oil weapon" for political gains. But after Egypt and Syria invaded Israel last month, Feisal finally agreed to cut back the flow of oil. Later, when President Nixon announced that he would ask Congress to send Israel \$2.2 billion worth of arms, Feisal exploded with rage and shut off all the oil to the U.S.

Global Change. Feisal's decision to scale down led the rest of the Arab world into a rare show of unity. In the Moslem Middle East, only non-Arab Iran continues to pump and ship oil in normal amounts. Last week, accepting the credentials of the new U.S. ambassador, James Akins, Feisal said that the Arabs were determined to stand fast this time and that they could not be "forthcoming" on the issue of energy as long as the U.S. held its old position on Israel. It is a measure of the rise of Arab power in world affairs that the absolute monarch of a far-off desert kingdom can make life difficult for Americans.

The implications of the oil warfare reach far beyond the Arab-Israeli dispute. Not since World War II has any event carried more potential for global change. Even if the Arabs were to reopen their taps tomorrow, the world would never again be the same. The sudden shortage of fuel has finally jolted governments into a realization that the

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

Dimouts, Slowdowns, Chills

era of cheap and ample energy is dead and that people will have to learn to live permanently with less heating, lighting and transport and pay more for each of them. That awareness will force nations to conserve energy and push costly searches for new supplies and technology. Sweeping changes will be made in the way people work, travel and spend their leisure time.

The consequences will be particularly hard felt in the U.S., which burns about one-third of the world's oil and stands to depend increasingly on foreign supplies. Last week, in a television address to the nation, President Nixon implored Congress to create an agency that would be given much more funding than the Manhattan Project, which produced the wartime atomic bomb. The aim of this new energy research and development administration would be to develop enough domestic petroleum, nuclear, solar and other energy sources to make the U.S. self-sufficient in energy by 1980—an unlikely possibility.

To help the U.S. get through the winter with the least disruption, the President issued some immediate belt-tightening directives and requests. These aim to reduce the nation's consumption of oil by almost the amount that the Arabs are withholding. If the Arab boycott continues much longer, it will cut 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 bbl. out of the normal U.S. supply of 17 million bbl. per day. To make up for that, Nixon:

► Ordered public utilities and other companies to halt any plans for shifting away from coal and into oil as a fuel.

► Reduced the Government's allocations of jet fuel for aircraft, a move that will diminish the number of commercial flights by more than 10%.

► Called on homeowners to turn their thermostats down to a daytime average of about 68° F., a normal 74° in American homes.

► Urged managers of offices, factories and stores to reduce energy consumption by 10%, either by using less heat or cutting down on working hours.

► Asked Governors to enact ordinances holding speeds to 50 m.p.h.

The President also urged Congress to enact by December an emergency energy bill that would give him much broader powers. These would include authority to order Daylight Saving Time year round, override temporarily federal, state and local clean-air acts in order to permit more burning of high-polluting coal, and restrict business hours in shopping centers and other enterprises. In addition, the President asked for authority to open up for commercial drill-

ing the naval petroleum reserves at Elk Hills, Calif. All these powers would be given to the President under a bill sponsored by Washington Democratic Senator Henry Jackson. The Jackson bill is likely to pass before Congress adjourns in mid-December.

Even so, many energy experts argued that Nixon's message was neither urgent nor sweeping enough. Says Lester Lees, director of the California Institute of Technology's environmental control laboratory: "The President's program is too little and too late." Lees would have liked the President to call for such measures as revisions in building codes to require more home insulation and reductions in military exercises to save fuel.

Rationing by Spring. Many of the broad controls that the President wants will be enormously difficult, if not impossible, to enforce. Thus he may be forced to use the authority that Congress is likely to give him to impose gasoline rationing, which he greatly wants to avoid. Rationing would be far more disruptive and politically sensitive now than it was during World War II. Today rambling suburbs have spread out of urban areas, and millions of Americans drive to work by car. Still, John Love, the White House Energy Adviser, predicts that gasoline rationing will be necessary by next spring no matter what happens in the Middle East.

The President's message stirred an immediate response. New Jersey reduced speeds on its major tollways from 60 m.p.h. to 50 m.p.h., and California cut its freeway limits from 70 m.p.h. to 65 m.p.h. Alaska, Arizona, Connecticut, Georgia, Iowa, Kansas, Maryland, New Jersey and Rhode Island all ordered driving speeds for state-owned vehicles held to 50 m.p.h. Companies also took steps toward conservation. The Coca-Cola Co. shut off all lit outdoor advertising signs and urged independent bottlers in 50 cities to follow its lead. Sears, Roebuck & Co. ordered temperatures in its stores lowered to 68° and eliminated all Christmas lighting.

Cleveland and Memphis have had to enact their bus services. In Alexandria, Va., schools ended their practice of keeping lights on all night to discourage vandals. To save heat, schools in Lee, Mass., and West Hartford, Conn., are working on plans to close for a month during December and January. To guarantee heat for their houses, consumers rushed out to buy wood-burning stoves and electric saws. One farmer who will not be touched by scarcities is Dick Shuttleworth, who lives near Muncie, Ind. He has put together a



NEW WATER TOWER IN OLD RIYADH



REFINERY DARKENS THE SKY NEAR DHARAHAN



ARAMCO PROSPECTORS IN THE SAUDI DESERT

The Life and Times of the Cautious King of Araby

The man whose hand is on the valve of Middle East oil has whipped fine Arabian horses into desert battles and is said to have killed other men in close combat. Today he is guiding Saudi Arabia toward wealth and prominence, and doing much to mold the destiny of the oil-thirsty world. Perhaps more than any other ruler, King Feisal ibn Abdul Aziz al Saud, 67, is a living symbol of the idiosyncrasies and aspirations of his country. To the Saudis, he is a kind of Winston Churchill or Sun Yat-sen, and, in the best sense, a godfather.

Feisal is the third of more than 40 sons of Abdul Aziz ibn Saud, a tough Moslem chief who created the kingdom of Saudi Arabia by subjugating and uniting desert tribes and kingdoms. As a boy, Feisal was taught to read the Koran by private tutors, became an expert horseman and joined his father's military campaigns. In 1931, after Ibn Saud had consolidated his kingdom, Feisal was named Foreign Minister and began to travel extensively in Europe and the U.S. After his father died in 1953, Feisal's oldest brother Saud became King; but he proved inept, squandering oil revenues on monumental palaces, flashy Cadillacs and grafting relatives. By 1958 the royal treasury was scraping absolute bottom, and Saud asked Feisal to become Prime Minister. In 1964 more responsible family leaders finally forced Saud to step down in favor of Feisal, who reluctantly accepted.

The difference between the two Kings could hardly be greater. A man of severely modest tastes and frugal habits, Feisal smokes cigarettes only in private, never drinks and apparently has no leisure-time activities. Islamic law permits polygamy, but he had two wives at one time only briefly in the 1940s, and then only to help cement a political alliance for his father. In all, Feisal has been married four times, divorced twice and widowed once. His present wife of nearly 40 years has borne him four daughters and five sons. The daughters are rarely heard of; the sons, along with three others from previous marriages, were almost all educated abroad (Oxford, Cambridge, Princeton, Whittier College) and hold high- and middle-level jobs in business, government and the military.

Feisal must be the world's hardest-working King. Like many executives, he suffers from ulcers, which have forced him to pare his workday from 18 hours to 14 hours. When asked about his health, he sometimes replies: "Still living." He rises at dawn, prays—one of

five daily prayer sessions—and rides in the front seat of a Chrysler New Yorker from his unostentatious villa to his small, paneled office in the green-roofed presidential palace in Riyadh. He never uses the sprawling \$60 million palace built by the profligate Saud. When an interior decorator had a sumptuous bath installed just off Feisal's bedroom in the villa, the King ordered it replaced with a less lavish model. "We are a simple family," he explained.

Every Thursday morning Feisal conducts a *majlis*, an ancient ceremony common in the Arab world, at which any male subject—rich or poor, high or low—can present the King with a request; it is usually referred to a minister for action or denied on the spot. Feisal has also been known to stop his car on

lish, French and Turkish, but insists on Arabic for official dealings; when meeting with foreigners he uses an interpreter—and sometimes corrects him in mid-sentence. Friends describe him as a good listener and a man who believes in the ancient Arab proverb, "God gave man two ears and one tongue so that we listen twice as much as we talk."

Feisal rules his people like a tribal chief, relying for advice on a small circle of ministers and half-brothers. There are no elections, no political parties and no legislature and no constitution besides the Koran. Religion permeates public life, and the only law of the land is the law of Islam. The *Mutawa*, or religious police, patrol the streets to make sure that Saudis observe their prayer times and close their shops when they do. Harsh penalties for crime remain on the books—stoning to death for adultery, beheading for murder, cutting off a hand for thievery—though they are far less frequently applied than they were years ago. As in many other Arab countries, drinking and smoking are nominally forbidden, but police today arrest only the public drinkers. Many resident foreigners and some Saudis concoct their own bathtub liquor.

Slowly and cautiously, Feisal has been nudging Saudi Arabia into the 20th century. He abolished slavery early in his reign. He introduced television over the protests of religious leaders, who called TV "the work of the devil." Saudi Arabia now has eight stations and about 300,000 sets. Government censors scissored out any scenes of drinking, smoking or passionate kissing. Saudi viewers have a particular fondness for American programs like *I Love Lucy* and *Bonanza*.

Under Feisal, Saudi Arabia has spent billions of riyals (about four to the dollar) on roads, public health and education, including the first schools for girls. Today more than 100,000 girls are in school, yet women remain last-class citizens in Saudi Arabia. They must wear veils in public, cannot drive cars or hold jobs that bring them into contact with men. Saudi Arabian Airlines has to recruit Lebanese and other foreign women as stewardesses.

Economically, the Saudis have decided to diversify by starting oil-based export industries. They are looking into petrochemical development and considering an advanced feasibility study for what would be one of the world's largest steel plants, with an initial capacity of 1,000,000 tons annually. The oil wealth is also trickling out among the people; the average worker's annual



KING FEISAL IN HIS PRIVATE MOSQUE

the street, and step out to receive petitions from women. At noon every day, government officials, representatives and anyone else allowed within the gates of the King's villa can join him there at a long, 40-seat table for lunch (usually bland meats, puddings and fruits in deference to his ulcers). In the afternoon he generally holds an informal reception for about 100 tribal and business leaders. Visitors to his office are often puzzled to see what looks like three bottles of perfume behind the King's desk; they are actually filled with different grades of petroleum. Feisal speaks Eng-

wage is about \$1,500, triple that of a decade ago, and the government has sizable desert irrigation and reclamation projects under way to provide jobs and grazing land for Bedouin nomads, who make up about 20% of the population. The cities are bristling with construction cranes, and new Ferraris glisten in showroom windows.

The King is reluctant to push growth or social change too rapidly for fear of over-inflating the economy and upsetting old social patterns. Many Western experts believe that he is too cautious. Says an American diplomat who served in Saudi Arabia: "Feisal is moving in the right way, but he needs to move a lot faster. He has to get the country off its duff." But Feisal insists that gradualism is best. "Revolutions can come from thrones as well as from conspirators' cellars," he has said. "We need everything in this country, but stability is the first priority. We are starting at the bottom, and we have to build slowly. We cannot make miracles overnight."

That caution may become a problem for Saudi Arabia. A new, small middle class of young, Western-educated technocrats is percolating through the country's businesses and bureaucracies. Before long they may begin demanding that Saudi Arabia move faster toward the modern world, and that they be given a greater voice in determining national policy.

Another problem will be finding a successor to Feisal. Princogeniture is not mandatory in Saudi Arabia. The royal family in 1965 selected Feisal's half-brother Crown Prince Khalid, now Deputy Prime Minister, to be the next King. But Khalid, 63, is said to be shy and ineffectual; he also has heart disease. When Feisal leaves the scene, some family members may want to reconsider the choice of Khalid. Yet the supremely powerful, 5,000-member Saud family has usually avoided open conflict in the past, and some bargain could be struck. Such one arrangement might be to enthronize Khalid, but give the real control to a younger, more dynamic man.

Whoever leads the country in the future will face a vexing question: What should Saudi Arabia's role in the Middle East be? Until recently, Feisal saw the role merely as that of a spiritual unifier for the Islamic world, and Saudi Arabia has stayed mostly on the sidelines of the struggle with Israel. Many other Arabs have tended to dismiss the Saudis as uncivilized and incompetent. But the war has done much to advance Arab unity, and Feisal's agreement to wield the oil weapon has done even more, earning him unprecedented respect and affection among Arabs. If Feisal's oil diplomacy can win the political victories that Arab arms have so far failed to achieve, the Saudi King may become one of the most important leaders in modern Middle Eastern history.



LIGHT TRAFFIC IN THE MODERN COMMERCIAL CENTER OF JEDDAH ON THE RED SEA
With the tables turned, the sellers now completely dominate the buyers.

Rube Goldberg contraption that transforms his plentiful supply of manure into methane gas, which powers his lights, refrigerator and even his Ford pickup.

The nation's economy faces a tough test. Unless the boycott ends soon, some factories will have to close, either for lack of heat, a paucity of fuel to run machines or shortages of petroleum-based raw materials as disparate as chemicals, plastics and textiles. Says Associate U.S. Budget Director John Sawhill: "Sure, the Government can ration oil, but we could wind up rationing steel, aluminum and other things as well." Evaporating gasoline supplies could put a further painful dent in auto sales; car sales in October fell 11.4%. Less travel, the result of diminished auto traffic and cuts in airline schedules, will hurt hotels, restaurants and the producers of such leisure goods as motor homes and snowmobiles.

There could also be some startling shifts in income in different regions of the U.S. The rush to find new oil deposits in the Southwest and West could fuel booms in those regions. But the East Coast stands to suffer. More dependent on Arab oil than the rest of the country, the highly industrialized region from Boston to Washington might have to chug along on only about 75% of its usual petroleum supply. The full impact of the shutdown is expected in about three weeks, when the last of the shipments from the Persian Gulf are unloaded at American ports. To stretch available oil stocks through the winter, U.S. refineries are already scaling down output, and suppliers are starting to ration petroleum products to their customers. The energy drought could lead to a decline in industrial production and rising unemployment, which could pitch the U.S. economy into a recession. Reacting to just those fears, the stock market suffered its worst one-day plunge since Black Monday, May 28, 1962; last Friday the Dow Jones industrials tumbled 24 points, closing at 908.

The tightening in worldwide oil supplies is also kicking up the cost. Since

January Venezuela has doubled its price, to \$7.20 per bbl. In the past three weeks, Nigeria's has almost doubled, to \$8.40 per bbl., and Indonesia's has increased 20%, to \$6 per bbl. Price controls on U.S.-produced petroleum will be slowly loosened in the near future in order to tempt oilmen to expand exploration and boost supplies. Rising oil prices will lift the cost of such other fuels as propane, natural gas and even coal.

Air of Siege. In the past year, the Labor Department's index of wholesale prices of gasoline, heating oil and other refined petroleum products has risen a walloping 40.4%. According to some estimates, within the next few months regular gasoline will probably climb an average of 9¢, to 50¢ per gal. Home heating fuel is expected to almost double in price, to 40¢ or more. Kerosene, diesel oil and jet fuel will all climb proportionately. Rising fuel costs will increase the price of electric power. Altogether, soaring fuel prices will pump \$8 billion to \$10 billion of pure inflation into the economy. Still, there is a limit to what consumers will pay. Even without Government restrictions, higher prices will force many Americans to forgo some of their wasteful ways: the long, speedy, aimless car trips, round-the-clock air conditioning and hothouse home heating.

The Arab oil cutbacks have hurt almost all countries. Gasoline prices soared from \$1.01 to \$1.49 per gal. in India, and to dramatize the seriousness of the shortages, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi took to riding in a two-wheeled horse-drawn gig. In The Netherlands, Prime Minister Joop den Uyl pedaled to work on a bike, and a strict ban was imposed on Sunday driving.

In most of Europe, there was a vague air of siege. Fuel prices are going up, driving restrictions have been imposed, and in Britain ration cards have already been printed—just in case. Last week the German Bundestag granted Chancellor Willy Brandt's government blanket emergency powers to take whatever

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

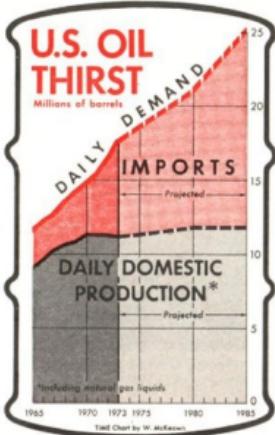
steps it deems necessary to hold down the use of gasoline and heating oil. The oil emergency has oddly cheered some European intellectuals and other elitists who have shown some disdain for the upward mobility of the masses since World War II. Says Maurice Couve de Murville, France's former Premier: "It is very much like the Bordeaux wine shortage. Only those who can afford Bordeaux now drink it, and only those who can afford gasoline will be able to drive. That is not an unhealthy thing."

Last week, at the prodding of Arab diplomats who said bluntly that Europe had to "tilt" its Middle East policies in favor of the Arabs, foreign ministers of the nine-member European Common Market shucked their threadbare cloaks of neutrality. They jointly called on Israel to accept a settlement agreeable to the Arabs. Though the open capitulation to Arab demands has a craven air about it, the Europeans have no real alternative. They depend on the Arabs for 73% of their petroleum. Unlike the U.S., they have little oil of their own.

Unlikely Catalyst. In short, the tables have turned in the oil trade—and in oil diplomacy. Largely because Feisal has withheld his oil, the sellers now completely dominate the buyers. In many ways, Feisal is an unlikely catalyst for such sweeping change. He is basically the monarch of a 19th century state that is edging cautiously into modern times (see box page 90).

Saudi Arabia is almost the size of Texas and Alaska combined, and 98% of it is barren, reddish brown desert; there are no rivers or lakes. Summer temperatures boil up to 120° in the forenoon, and nights can be shivering cool. During the month-long spring gale, or *shamal*, the blowing sand sifts into the loose robes worn by most Saudis and mantles the cities in white powdery dust.

Nobody knows the exact population of Saudi Arabia; estimates range from



3,400,000 to 8,200,000. Skills are in short supply, and many Saudis generally consider manual labor beneath their dignity. Much of the work is done by 300,000 foreign laborers: Yemenites in the construction trades and Jordanians and Palestinians in the offices. There are some modern cities: Riyadh, the centrally located capital, and Jidda, the commercial center on the Red Sea, have expansive boulevards and plenty of low-rise apartment houses, shops and government buildings. But there are no movies and no night life.

Until this century, Saudi Arabia had little contact with the West. The land seemed so uninhabited that neither Britain nor France bothered to set up spheres of influence, and practically only foreign visitors were pilgrims to Mecca and Medina. Then, in 1933, a group of prospectors from Standard Oil of California arrived in the country hoping that they might strike oil. They brought in the first well in 1938, and later explorations confirmed that the unprepossessing kingdom of sand was virtually floating on a sea of petroleum.

Over the years SoCal was joined by three other oil giants—Exxon, Texaco and Mobil—to form the Arabian American Oil Co. (Aramco). Western-owned oil companies in the Middle East were able to drive one-sided bargains with the weak, quarreling and often ignorant Arab regimes. The corporations controlled exploration, production, shipping and marketing, and paid the governments as little as they could.

This rich fabric of oil concessions began to unravel in the late '60s, when the rise of rabid Arab nationalism coincided with the increasing dependence of Japan and the West on Middle East oil. By 1970 Libya was becoming a major producer, and its low-sulfur oil was selling for \$2.23 per bbl. The Libyan government asked for a moderate 10¢ per bbl. increase, but a group of West-

ern oil companies offered only 6¢. Led by Colonel Gaddafi, the government struck back by cutting production by 25% and lifting the posted price by 30¢, to \$2.53 per bbl., the largest increase in Middle Eastern history until then. Most of the oil-company chiefs agreed to stand together and resist the rise, but Armand Hammer, chairman of Occidental Petroleum, capitulated.

Buying In. From that point on, the Arab oil states have been raising prices with impunity, and some are demanding ever larger "participation" shares in the ownership of the oil companies. None is in a stronger position than Saudi Arabia; through a buy-in plan (a form of nationalization) that started this year, Feisal's government owns 25% of Aramco, and that share will rise to 51% in 1983. Last year the Saudis earned \$2.2 billion from oil, and their profits are bound to increase this year despite the production cutback—because they have just raised oil prices by 70%. For example, Arabian light oil now sells for \$5.11 a bbl., not counting the cost of shipping it to the U.S. By contrast Texas oil costs about \$4 a bbl.

Even if Saudi Arabia buys arms for other Arab countries, helps finance the rebuilding of their war-battered economies, continues its own development programs and holds to a 25% cutback in production of crude, its monetary reserves will rise from around \$4.5 billion to \$20 billion in 1975. Most of its reserves are on deposit in banks in the U.S., Britain, Switzerland and France. Thus, the Saudis will have increasingly great world financial power.

Feisal insists that he wants to be on friendly terms with the U.S. and that both countries have much to gain in a close relationship. American oil companies and other contractors operating in Saudi Arabia repatriated \$1 billion in profits to the U.S. last year, a healthy contribution to the nation's balance of payments. The Saudis are also the biggest Middle Eastern customers for American goods and services, such as airplanes, heavy construction gear and consulting assistance. Feisal, religiously conservative and vigorously anti-Communist, is even more worried than U.S. leaders about the spread of Soviet influence in the Middle East.

The King's other great hate is, of course, the Zionists, whom he oddly equates with Communists, despite Israel's pro-Western, anti-Soviet stand. He is enraged that the Israelis control the Moslem shrines in Jerusalem, and he probably will not be satisfied until Moslems regain authority over the Arab part of the city. Says one Western diplomat: "The old man is getting more religious than he has been. He wants to pray in the Mosque of Omar before he dies."

Whether or not Feisal gets his wish and starts the oil gushing again, his use of the petroleum embargo has shocked the U.S. into vastly changing its energy policy. Under the best of circumstances, it could take at least 15 years for the na-

INDIRA GANDHI IN HER HORSE-DRAWN GIG



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commune...**

**Environmentalist is
a Czechoslovakian
mind-reader...**

**Sierra Club is the
official bat of the
Spanish Baseball
Association...**

You'd better turn to us for help.

You might never find anyone who'd believe *those* definitions. But it wouldn't be hard to find lots of people who couldn't give you the *right* definitions, either.

Everybody, for instance, knows that "offshore drilling" isn't dental work done at sea. But does everybody know what it really is?

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KCBS Newsradio, San Francisco, offers comprehensive daily reports on the energy crisis, while in Chicago, WBBM Newsradio focuses on news and public activities relating to the environment in its regular series, "Ecology."

In Philadelphia, WCAU Radio received a Broadcast

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WCBS Newsradio, New York, took a red-hot issue to the people when it arranged and broadcast a "Long Island Town Meeting" on what could happen if offshore oil drilling is permitted in the area.

To keep you on top of things, it's our job to get to the bottom of them, including special subjects like the environment.

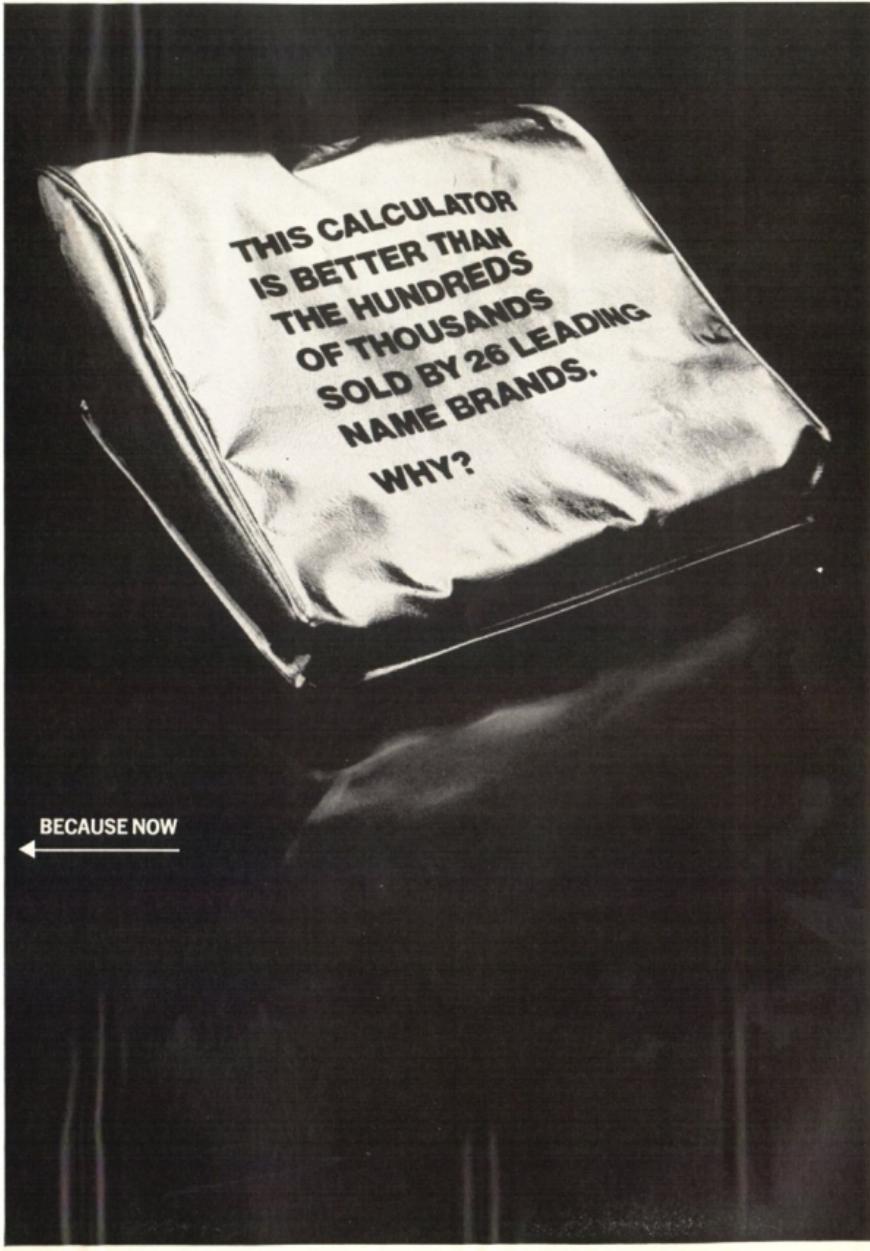
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John Dewar's
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Dewar's was the first Scotch whisky ever bottled. Word comes down that it was a great product even then. Certainly it had to be—to survive in a homeland where the taste for good whisky is fiercely uncompromising.

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DEWAR'S
"White Label"



Dewar's never varies

The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland.

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

tion to fulfill the goal of becoming self-sufficient in energy. During that time the U.S. may well remain dependent to some degree on the Middle East. Of course, there is plenty of oil outside the Arab sphere of influence; including deposits in Iran and the Communist world, these proved reserves exceed 190 billion bbl. Thus the U.S. can increase its oil imports from Venezuela, Nigeria and Indonesia, but the greater the demand from these countries, the higher their prices are likely to go.

Though the nation has vast potential resources of petroleum, oil shale, natural gas and coal, not to mention nuclear energy, they will be neither cheap nor easy to exploit. But they will be exploited now because the price is right.

Newly discovered domestic oil, which is exempt from price controls, now commands \$5.50 or \$6 per bbl., about 60% higher than the going rate earlier this year. That high price makes it worthwhile for oilmen to squeeze more oil out of deep or inaccessible wells that previously did not pay. Recently, there has been a rush of exploratory drilling in Wyoming, Colorado and Utah.

Untapped Deposits. The Government is also tripling the amount of leasing for offshore drilling along the Gulf and Atlantic coasts. Geologists reckon that large untapped deposits lie off the coasts of Long Island, northern Florida and elsewhere. Leasing has been slowed by fierce opposition from residents, who fear that their shore fronts will be ruined by big black derricks on the blue horizon, by the clutter of docking facilities and possible oil spills. Even if all opposition vanished, it would take three to five years to find and drill new wells offshore. A surer way to expand domestic sources would be for Congress to finally approve the Alaska pipeline bill, enabling the nation to tap the rich North Slope fields, which are believed to have at least

50 billion bbl. of recoverable oil. If the pipeline were in operation today, it could be supplying 11% of the nation's needs. As matters stand, it will take five years to build.

Oil-bearing shale has huge potential for the long term. The Green River formation, which runs through Colorado, Utah and Wyoming, contains an estimated 600 billion bbl. of low-polluting shale oil, enough to fill the country's needs at current consumption levels for almost 100 years. About 72% of the deposits are on federally owned lands, and the Government will probably soon lease some of them for commercial plants, where oil can be extracted by crushing and heating the brown shale. It could take six years to get such plants into operation, and refined shale oil can probably be produced in large quantity at \$5 per bbl.

Government regulation of natural-gas prices has held down exploration, and supplies are badly depleted. A bill to deregulate prices is before Congress, but it is having tough going. Reason: it would hit consumers with higher prices, and congressional opponents argue that it would bring a windfall to producers and pipeline companies. Still, the Federal Power Commission will have to permit higher prices while preserving some regulation as a lever.

The U.S. has massive deposits of coal; but because of strong opposition to strip mining and a shortage of miners, getting coal in needed quantities may take a long time. In addition, most coal pollutes, though it could be cleaned up by using "stack gas cleaning" methods. The Environmental Protection Agency plans to use Government muscle—including injunctions—to make high-polluting companies apply the technology.

The most important and controversial energy source for the foreseeable future is nuclear power. Though atomic research has been going on for three decades, only 37 plants are

in operation—generating 5% of the nation's electricity—and 61 more are under construction. Part of the reason for this lag is that lengthy public hearings must be held in areas where nuclear power stations are to be built. Yet caution is justified. Safety systems have never been put to a real test—simply because there have been no major accidents yet—and some Atomic Energy Commission safety experts doubt the systems' effectiveness. The greatest delays, however, came as a result of trying to swiftly develop giant reactors from small ones. This caused difficulties in design and materials; some of the reactors simply broke down when they were put on line at power utilities. Though most of these difficulties will be overcome, it will be at least ten years before nuclear plants make a big contribution to the country's energy needs.

Unexpected Favor. Senator Jackson and others have long argued that much more effort should go in researching and developing a wide variety of new energy sources: oil from shale, synthetic oil and gas from coal. Congress would take an important step by approving Nixon's proposed energy resources development agency, which might first search for more efficient and economical methods of removing pollutants from coal and high-sulfur oil.

The only way that the U.S. can scrape through the next several years without major economic and social disruptions is to ease off dramatically on energy consumption. Even before the Arabs cut off their oil, the nation—and much of the rest of the world—faced an energy crunch in a few more years. The Arabs have moved the U.S. to take action now, before its dependence on Middle East oil was greater and its needs larger and harder to meet. By rousing the nation, Feisal and his fellow Arabs may well have done all Americans an unexpected favor for the future.

390.9 billion bbl.
WILL LAST 48 YEARS

137.1
SAUDI ARABIA

74.0
KUWAIT

62.2
IRAN

33.0
IRAQ

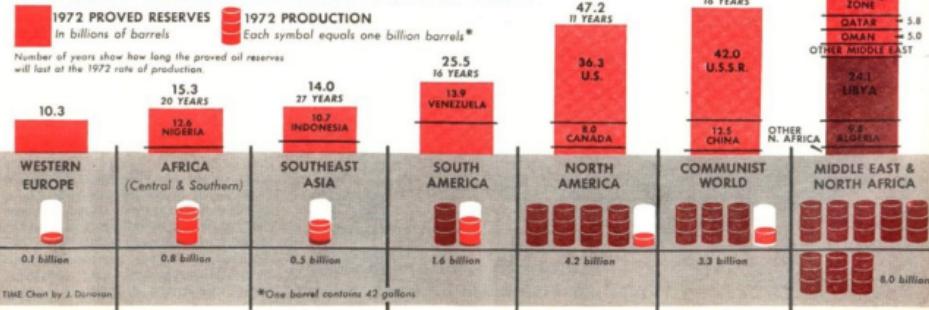
18.2
ABU DHABI

13.5
NEUTRAL ZONE
QATAR
OMAN
5.8
OTHER MIDDLE EAST

24.1
LIBYA

9.8
ALGERIA

WORLD OIL: HOW MUCH IS LEFT



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 And you're still drinking ordinary scotch?



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Shallow Soul in Depth

BOOM BOOM ROOM
 by DAVID RABE

Boom Boom Room belongs to the modern mode of encounter drama. As a kind of existential soap opera it could be retitled "Chrissy Bumps into Life." Chrissy (Madeline Kahn) is a dumb, pitiful, wistful lump of humanity. She encounters people who, if they were objects, would be found rusting away in the town dump. It is the fashionable conviction of many young playwrights, including David Rabe, that the planet is currently populated by lesbians, homosexuals, sadistic drunks, incestuous fathers, maternal vultures and men with the ingrained instincts of rapists.

Chrissy meets them all. She, of course, is a character symbolically known as "poor little me"—alone, afraid

FRIEDMAN—ABELES



KAHN & FRIEND IN BOOM BOOM
Poor little me.

and searching for identity ("I got no self"). In the end, she opts for the nihilistic anonymity of being a topless go-go dancer in a big city.

On the basis of this evidence it would be easy to kiss off the play as just another sample of faddist effluvia. But Rabe has more gravity and force than that, as he has shown in his Viet Nam plays, *Sticks and Bones* and *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel*. He has a wildly exhilarating, surrealistic humor that has not been exhibited in the U.S. theater since Edward Albee wrote *The Sandbox*, *Zoo Story* and *An American Dream*. He has a painful awareness of familial alienation, a kind of psychic

THE THEATER

wound that will not heal. His last play, a disaster, was significantly titled *The Orphan*. Finally there is a sense of vocation about the man, that sturdy-ox effort and noble seriousness that O'Neill brought to the task of fashioning drama.

This last quality has inspired his cast. Everyone is splendid, and Madeline Kahn gives a performance in depth of an intrinsically shallow soul that is almost certain to net her a Tony Award nomination. What animates the new theater management at Manhattan's Lincoln Center—whose first production this is—is love of the U.S. playwright, especially the young playwrights of promise in his tough apprenticeship years. In offering that nourishing brand of love, Lincoln Center's new producer Joseph Papp has no peer.

*T.E. Kalem

Yoo-Hoo, Boo-Hoo

MOLLY
A Musical

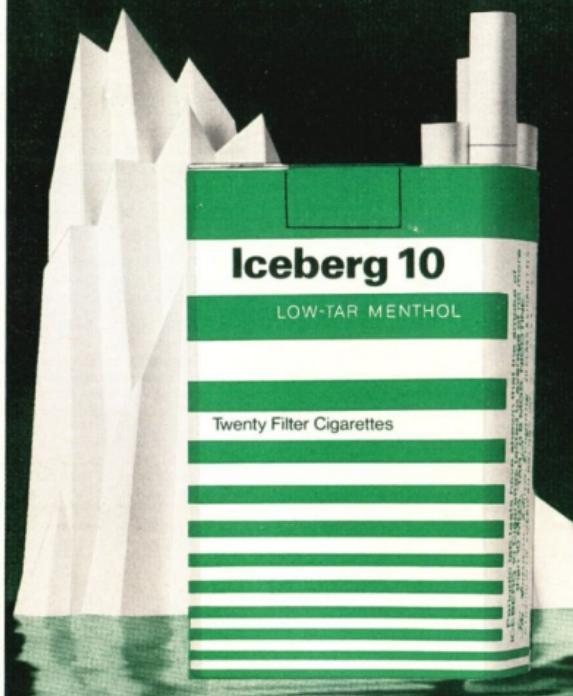
At a time when advanced military technology is rendering certain traditional weapons obsolete, Broadway continues to rely on older and older bombs. The latest nostalgia dud is *Molly*.

Everything that could possibly go wrong with a show has gone wrong with this musical. The score sticks in your ear like wax. The lyrics consist of ditties that a fifth-grader would not dare to pass in to his English teacher. The star (Kay Ballard) spins through her numbers like a treadless tank. She lacks the remotest trace of that sweetly enveloping maternal musk with which Gertrude Berg so winningly invested her creation, Molly Goldberg, in the vastly popular radio and TV serials spanning the years 1929-1954. Alan Arkin has directed the show the way a bartender jiggles a martini shaker, apparently hoping that agitation will pass for action. As for the Great Depression during which *Molly* ostensibly takes place, traces of it are visible on the brows of the audience, but it effectively eludes the men who wrote the show's much-doctored but uncured book.

When things get messed up on this scale, the real trouble is rooted in the initial conception of a show. *Molly* obviously hoped to capitalize on the large Jewish theatergoing audience in the New York area by offering that audience homey ethnic humor. While ethnic humor is indestructible, it goes through varying phases. The cozy *gemäßlich* atmosphere that originally made Molly Goldberg a household charmer is simply not in the air we breathe now. The current vogue in Jewish humor is pinpointed in the astringent, highly self-conscious comic imagination of a Philip Roth. Better they should have made Portnoy's *Complaint* into a musical, though nostalgia it ain't.

*T.E.K.

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Iceberg 10

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Av Per Cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '73

9 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette. FTC Report Feb. '73



GOURMETS GAULT (RIGHT) & MILLAU

The French Confection

Henri Gault and Christian Millau have much in common. Both are 44-year-old Sunday cooks and year-round gourmets—curiously slight of paunch considering their present trade—who once worked as reporters on the now defunct Paris *Presse*. The solidest bond between the two is the joy they share in debunking the culinary canons of their fellow Frenchmen. They condone serving red wine with fish, accept Israeli *foie gras* as only "slightly inferior" to the product of Strasbourg and advise housewives to shorten the cooking hours of those long, loving, simmering stews. They have even dared to question butter's superiority to margarine.

The trumpet for this gastronomic treason is *Le Nouveau Guide Gault-Millau*, a glossy, 120-odd-page journalistic compendium of recipes, restaurant reviews and guides, plus lengthy culinary debates. The monthly magazine, now four years old, evolved from the two editors' decade-long collaboration on 18 guidebooks to France and beyond. "*G. and M.*" as some call the Paris-based magazine, exerts influence far beyond its 145,000 circulation. Its editors are currently dashing the chauvinistic notion that to be gustatorily gifted is to be French. They regularly grade domestic Chinese, Indian, Indonesian and Vietnamese food.

Whatever the dining spot, Gault and Millau, unlike some other food critics, never accept free meals. Often the pair sup at inexpensive, as yet unestablished restaurants. *Le Guide Michelin*, the staid bible of French cuisine, generally eval-

uates only the notable and reserves judgment for three years.

Unlike many of their French newspaper competitors (and like U.S. food critics), Gault and Millau consistently name names. If commenting on Maxim's, they avoid such coy evasions as "a well-known restaurant on the Rue Royale." As a result, they sometimes face the fury of advertisers and libel suits. Of one establishment they recently wrote: "The fish soup was watery, the lobster brochette insipid ... Only the maître d'hôtel had a smile on his face." The offending Marseille restaurant—appropriately named Le New York—lost not only customers but the libel suit as well. "We established the principle that journalists have a right to criticize restaurants by name just as movie critics and theater reviewers do with film and plays," gloats Co-Editor Millau.

In fact, *G. and M.* has become so successful that it recently merged with the sophisticated travel monthly *Connaissance des Voyages*. The change widened the magazine's range, but the tangiest parts of the confection remain the imaginative attacks on taboos. One of the most controversial exposés knocked the venerable theory that wine must be stored horizontally in a temperature-controlled cellar and opened several hours before serving time, the better to "breathe." The skeptical editors exposed cases of a costly Bordeaux to 14 different temperatures and locales, including windows and radiators. They even stashed several cases in the trunk of a car, then bumped all over Paris with their bottles. Weeks later a team of assembled oenophiles drew the corks.

They sniffed and sipped their way through bottles that had been jounced and bounced, heated and chilled, opened hours beforehand or just prior to tasting. Their verdict established that wine could be fully enjoyed minutes after decanting and that both jiggling and chilling mattered only slightly, if at all.

Goodbye to Wing Tips

Would you buy a used car—or a political platform—from someone wearing a pin-striped suit, Brooks Brothers' rep tie and wing-tipped shoes? Until recently, a large majority of Americans would have answered yes. The peacock in psychedelic tie, screaming plaid suit and patent-leather pumps was hard-pressed to give away a road map. Suddenly, however, public opinion on men's wear seems to be swinging sharply toward the splashy.

That, at least, is the theory of John T. Molloy, clothes counselor to those who worry about the image their rags convey. Molloy, a former schoolteacher, gets paid for telling people how to dress like honest men (TIME, Sept. 4, 1972). His clients include companies with large sales forces and politicians—three Governors, five U.S. Senators and 13 House members. In an attempt to inject science into this woolly field, he conducts an annual opinion poll on the types of clothing that spell credibility and other positive qualities to the public. The 1973 results, based on a sampling of 1,800 people completed last month, are as astonishing as the emperor's new clothes.

In 1972 the corporation-lawyer look—three-piece Yale-gray suits, white



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MODERN LIVING

shirts and club ties—got a credibility rating of 81%; this year the figure plummeted to 57%. Meanwhile, the mod suit with wide lapels and nipped waist worn over a pastel-patterned shirt zoomed upward in credibility from 28% to 63%. Interestingly, those polled were traditionally conservative blue-collar workers earning less than \$15,000 a year.

Right Schools. Molloy, who fancies himself the Sigmund Freud of wardrobe psychology, attributes the change directly to Watergate. "I can't think of another factor," he says. "America is losing faith in its leaders." And in its leaders' haberdashery. The more conservative the costume, by his reasoning, the shadier the image. Perhaps the guiltiest of the White House straight men—before the sartorial bar anyway—is Spiro Agnew. "Every hair is in place on that man," complains Molloy. "He always buttons his buttons." Hence the impression is one of strained perfectionism. H.R. ("Bob") Haldeman, with his neatly mowed hair (recently grown and raked for a weedier effect) and Ivy League garb, has that "I went to the right schools" look. John Dean, with his precise pinned collar, came across the same way on TV.

Molloy now generally plans to steer clients away from Wall Street drab and toward Madison Avenue pizazz. But there are exceptions. If Edward Kennedy wanted advice, looking toward the 1976 election, Molloy would recommend an "innocent look": "You know—short hair parted on the side, blue blazers and gray flannel slacks, loafers and preppy ties. That's the only way someone with his problems can be credible." Should George McGovern rally to yet another national election, Molloy would offset his ultraliberal reputation with strictly conservative garb. "People thought George was unstable in 1972. One day he was Broadway George in his wide tie and snazzy suit; the next, his somber suit and narrower tie said Middle America." In fact, Molloy would urge McGovern to "out-Nixon Nixon" in conservatism—with a single exception. "He's got to have that slightly disheveled look to show he's got more important things on his mind than clothes."

As to the Nixonian toilette, Molloy considers it basically sound: "His problems aren't visual." The President, says Molloy, dresses like a successful businessman with small-town roots. This appeals to his constituency. "Nixon is smart enough to wear dark 'authority figure' suits and avoid 'Daddy-went-to-Yale symbols.'" Such political taboos include Saks Fifth Avenue pin-stripes and "those itty-bitty, fishy-look ties"—Ivy League silks patterned with tiny birds, animals or fish. They spell snobishness. Before candidates rush to their tailors with Molloy's notions, however, they should realize that some of his clients have turned up losers on Election Day. The moral, it seems, is that it takes more than clothes to make the statesman.

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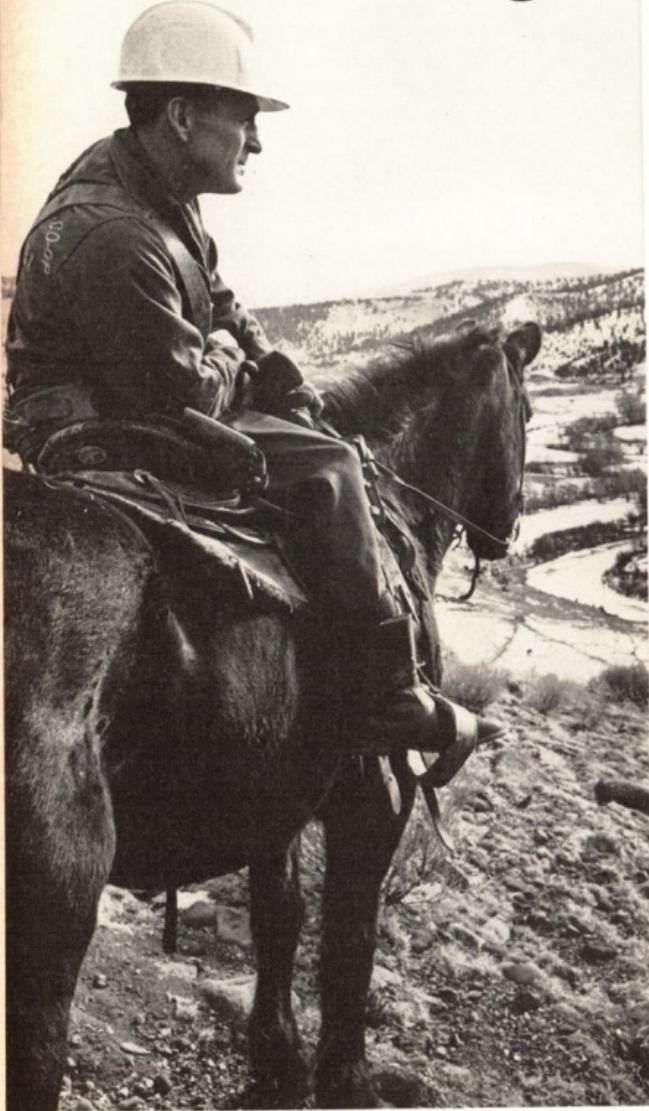
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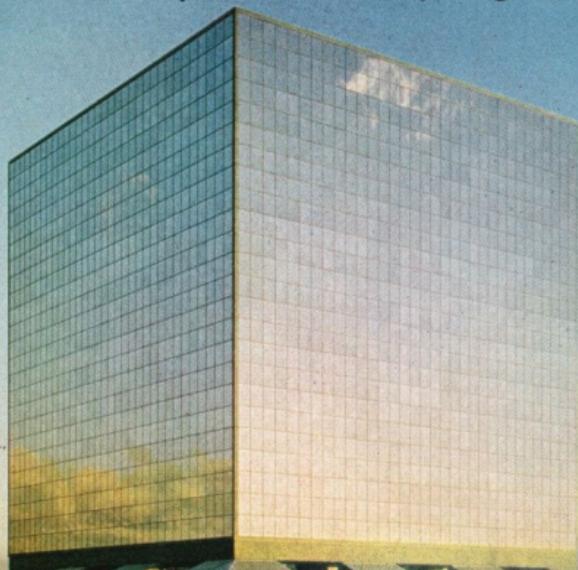
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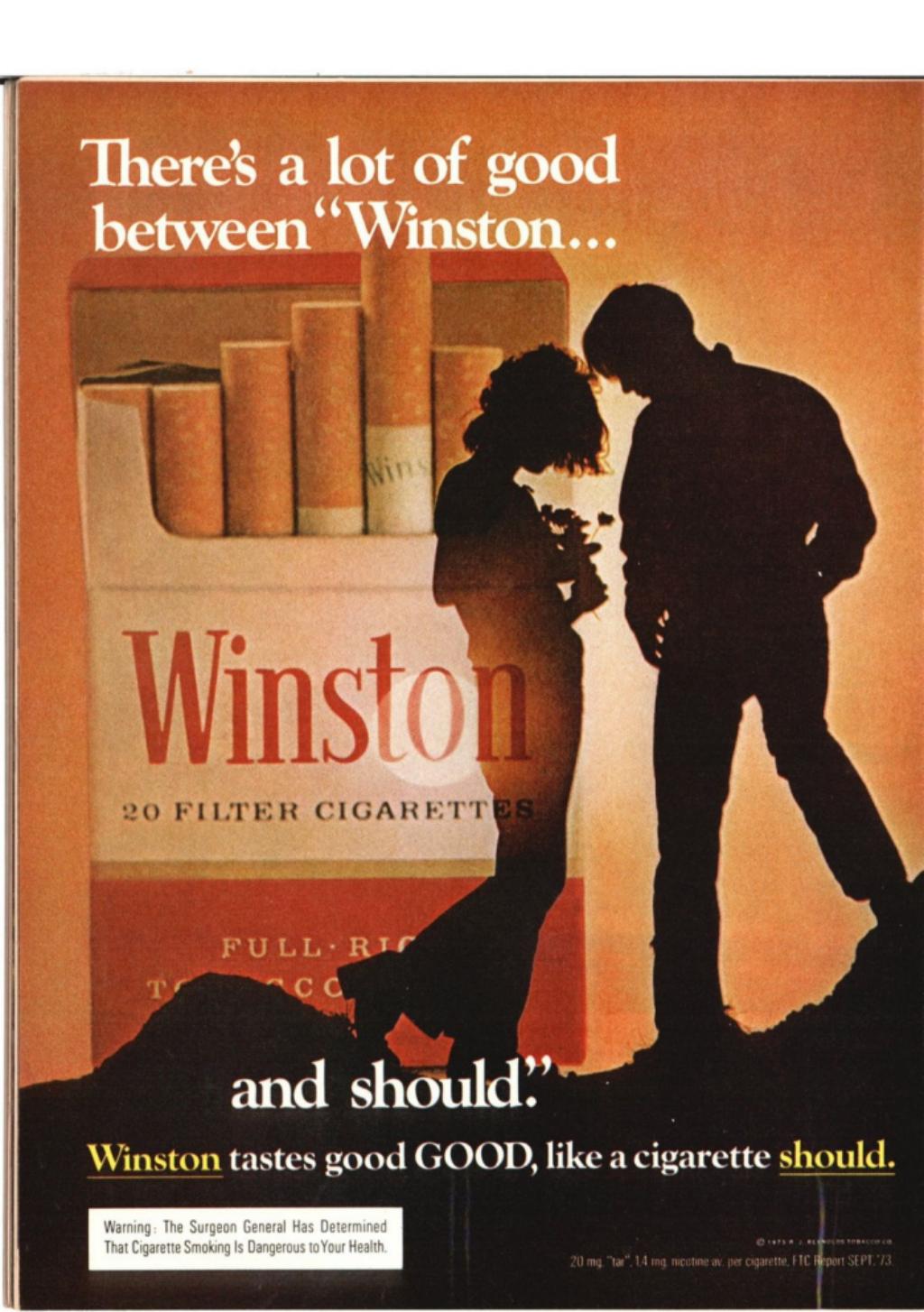
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CINEMA

Dubious Battler

THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY
Directed and Written by
CHARLES EASTMAN

"A white fighter without responsibilities is not reliable," says Aspiring Manager Ariel Van Daumee. "A middle-class white son of a bitch without goals will usually break your heart." He knows his boy, Vic Bealer (Jon Voight) fights heavyweight, talks about going to the nationals and getting to the Olympics, even turning pro. He has the equip-



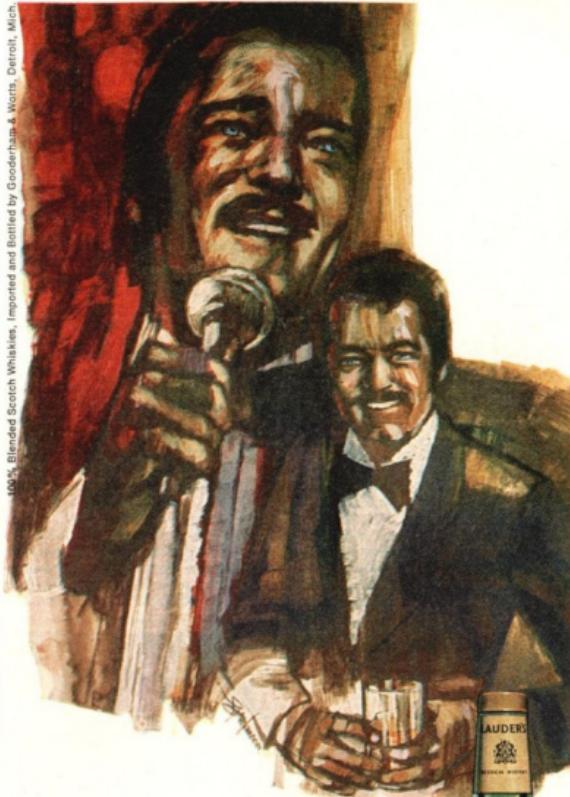
VOIGHT IN ALL-AMERICAN BOY
Hopes like pocket money.

ment to do it, too. Blond and tall and blue-eyed, Vic is the kind of guy people like to pin hopes on; he is the young man of vast promise in whom the confidence of others is so eagerly invested.

Vic needs high hopes like he needs pocket money, and he uses them just as casually. Everyone seems to recognize this, not only his manager but also his girl friend Janelle (E.J. Peaker). She has become pregnant by him, has left town to have the child, and tells him with some accuracy, "You're the most pathetic person I've ever met. Because you could be so much and you won't be anything." Still, she loves him because she, like everyone else, expects and invites the kind of lurking, perennial disappointment that Vic Bealer can ensure.

The *All-American Boy* is a funny, wily, eccentric and inventive movie about dead ends and dubious dreams, opportunities lost and responsibilities evaded. Director-Writer Charles Eastman (best known previously as the author of the screenplay for *Little Fauss and Big Halsy*) evokes, in the charac-

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E.J. PEAKER & VOIGHT
Inviting disappointment.

ter of Vic, the kind of wary protagonist whose abdication of personal responsibility made anti-heroes out of Dean and Brando, Fonda and Hopper. The film builds to a crazy, disorganized hillside ceremony in which the entire town of Buddy, Calif., comes to cheer its boy Vic off to the nationals. Vic sees it all as a shuck, refuses to go and hits the road out of town, pursued by his new fiancée Drenna Valentine (Anne Archer), who talks very sincerely in movie-magazine

CINEMA

captions: "And the dumb part is I really do understand and don't really expect you to jump on any white horse and carry me off..."

Having adopted the Dean-Brando mold, Eastman then cracks it. He never takes advantage of his characters, never looks down on them or their poorest dreams. Yet he does make it clear that Vic's accurate reading of the situation—why should he assume the burden of anyone's ambitions but his own?—is also a dodge. His idea of freedom is a sort of emotional cop-out, a yearning not so much to find something as to be away from everything. In this most of all, Eastman suggests, Vic is the all-American boy.

Eastman has a quirky, distinctly personal tone that goes coy once in a while, as in a labored double-entendre exchange between Vic and a black woman (Rosalind Cash) over the installation of a car radio ("Do you want it in the front or in the back?"). But the movie is also full of humor, melancholy and some dazzling film making. This is Eastman's first film as a director, but he demonstrates considerable sophistication, a feeling for textures and odd nuances. One long scene in a gym—empty at first, then slowly filling with fighters doing exercises—is as carefully controlled and lovely as a fugue. It is characteristic of Eastman that the sounds of the gym—a jump rope skipping against the floor, a bag being punched

hard in irregular rhythm, the bursts of quick breath from the athletes—mingle with a Gregorian chant issuing, presumably, from upstairs. The place is called, after all, the New Avenue Walk-up Gym and Cultural Center. It could be a sort of royal court for the kind of kingdom Eastman creates, whimsical but not cute, tinctured with a sort of likeable absurdity.

Filmed in 1970, *The All-American Boy* is being released after a great deal of infighting during which it acquired a leper-like reputation in the trade. The published screenplay (Farrar, Straus & Giroux: \$6.50) disclosed that, fully realized, the film would have been considerably longer and rather less oblique. Vic would have been blessed and cursed by occasional shafts of self-knowledge. As it is, Voight's performance consists of careful character shadings that can only add tone to a silhouette. In more concise roles, the supporting performances are sharper. Carol Androsky as Vic's sister-in-law, who seems to dwell in the middle of some lunatic serenity; Art Metrano as Vic's anxious brother-in-law Jay David Swooze ("Just a formal handshake will be just fine for me, thanks"); E.J. Peaker as the imperious Janelle; and Anne Archer as the fetching but deadening Drenna—all these are especially noteworthy out of a large and shrewdly chosen cast. Each nicely complements the excellencies of a distinctive, gifted movie.

■ *Jay Cocks*



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Quick Cuts

THE INHERITOR. Bart Cordell (Jean Paul Belmondo), only son of a wealthy industrialist, suspects foul play in his father's recent death. He enlists the aid of a private detective, plus journalists on his father's newsmagazine and his own executive lackeys to get to the roots of the problem. The roots, not surprisingly, are rotten with corruption, and lead to an international consortium headed by an Italian businessman who had something nefarious to do with the Jews in Rome during the second World War.

The movie is furiously paced, and Director Philippe Labro hypes the action by doing a lot of crosscutting. No scene seems to last longer than a minute, and Labro whisks the viewer backward, forward and sideways in time. The result gets a great deal of razzle going but stays short on dazzle. All the momentum established is artificial and constantly stalls out into spurious suspense. There are some nice incidental observations about the eccentricities of the rich—Cordell has his face imprinted on his personal checks and sleeps with a sort of large, mystic stone under his pillow—but watching *The Inheritor* gives a general feeling of false movements, like getting jostled in a crowd.

ENGLAND MADE ME is extracted—painfully—from a 1935 Graham Greene novel about moral and political deca-

dence in Germany before World War II. The excellent Peter Finch appears as a brassbound industrialist named Krogh who traffics with the Nazis to sustain and increase his fortune. Michael York, who apparently wandered from *Cabaret* still wearing his costume, impersonates the brother of Krogh's mistress (Hildegard Neil). There is much solemn and oblique conversation about impending crises, and the feeling prevails that the director, Peter Duffell, was rather too impressed with *The Damned*. There is, however, a splendid supporting performance by Michael Hordern as a quintessentially seedy journalist. If only the movie as a whole were as *echt* Greene as Hordern's characterization.

THE TRIPLE ECHO finds Glenda Jackson waiting out World War II on a tumbledown farm deep in the English countryside. Her husband is a P.O.W. in Japan, so she takes a lover, a young soldier (Brian Deacon) who so enjoys her company and so dislikes the army that he deserts. To explain his presence to the curious townspeople, and to thwart suspicion in general, Jackson dresses her lover up as her sister and has him doing the chores in drag. He resists at first, but then comes to like it a little, enough to accept a Christmas-dance date with a loudmouthed sergeant (Oliver Reed).

If novelty were enough to sustain a movie, *The Triple Echo* could go far. But novelty is about all it has. Director Mi-



REED & DEACON IN *ECHO*
Deserting in drag.

chael Apted is so concerned with making the oddness of the script believable that he never really takes advantage of it. The movie is never weird or funny enough, never frightening or suspenseful. It does not seem especially outlandish either, which is another mistake. Even kinkiness is academic here. Glenda Jackson seems impatient, while Oliver Reed goes about with his cheeks puffed out, as if taking a sobriety test with an imaginary balloon. ■J.C.

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You'll see cowboys lassoing cattle off the range. And not many miles away big-game fishermen go after marlin and tuna. You'll see sportsmen hunting wild pigs. And straw-hatted workers picking pineapples.

You can find churches nestled in tropical countrysides. And just down the road you may discover the ruins of ancient Hawaiian shrines.

In Hawaii we'll share as much of our multi-colored culture as you want. Or as little.

You can find beaches so secluded they seem to have forgotten man. Waterfalls plunging through mountain hideaways.

Cliffs that look down on lost caves. And a primeval forest that's just the way it was a million years ago.

In Hawaii's paradise you'll see what it must have been like to be an island's first inhabitant. And you'll find out what it's like to speak in a different language, worship in a different church, even live in a different colored skin.

So before you go anywhere in this world, talk to your travel agent. He'll tell you it's all happening in Hawaii.

Hawaii

IT'S MORE THAN A PRETTY PLACE.

On behalf of the Islands of Hawaii, Kauai, Lanai, Maui and Oahu.

Variously Notable

CHRISTIE MALRY'S
OWN DOUBLE-ENTRY

by B.S. JOHNSON

185 pages. Viking. \$5.95.

Just as accountants use the double-entry system to order wildly diverse assets and liabilities, so this novel draws up a balance sheet on everyday life. Its hero, Christie Malry, scratches the essential formula on a London wall: "Debit them, credit me! Account settled!"

Christie starts by assessing minor annoyances. Being "virtually forced to join" a union at his job is worth £.60, for example. To get due recompense for that and other slights, he destroys an important business letter, an act he values at £.6. His accounts soon grow more complicated, and Malry's figures mount accordingly. To help make up for "socialism not being given a chance" (debit: £311,398), he dumps cyanide into a local reservoir, killing 20,000 Londoners (credit: £26,622.7). As the plot progresses, Christie's ledgers carry forward an ever larger debt that society owes him.

All this might sound grim in outline. But Author B.S. Johnson balances it with compassion and a humor that is alternately wry and ribald. Christie's adventures, whether in a bank, confectionery factory, or bed, are all double-entries. Action and futility, joy and grief, pique and nobility—everything counts, everything matters. Debit boredom, credit Johnson! A remarkable little book.

THE LAST NIGHT AT THE RITZ

by ELIZABETH SAVAGE

245 pages. Little, Brown. \$6.95.

"When Gay and I first met we talked a lot about death, as the young will, and were much moved by lines about sorrow and early loss—ah, many a time we wept for Adonais. But we don't talk about it much any more—I mean, what's to say?" The voice belongs to a New England woman, variously marked by love, marriage, friendship, drink and (of course) intimations of mortality that come, as Auden put it, like sounds of thunder at a picnic.

She is what used to be called a lady, though not so much of a lady as her best friend Gay. They both were young during World War II when college boys sang "You can easily tell she's not my mother, 'cause my mother's 49." This is a novel about then and now mostly in Boston, about women with character and brains and what happens to them, about marriage, about the wear and tear of living, about the manners and aspirations of a genera-

tion that endured to see its values—not well defended but well believed in—derided across the generation gap. The genre is women's fiction, and the book lapses occasionally into jargon and sentimentality. But in a very short compass, with extraordinary deftness, humor and a rueful shrewdness edging toward wisdom, it rises above genre to something not unlike small genius. "Nowadays, everyone knows a little something about the mind," thinks the lady, "though it doesn't seem to have helped as much as one could wish." And that's true too.

DOG TAGS

by STEPHEN BECKER

307 pages. Random House. \$6.95.

Stephen Becker's seventh novel contains the intentions of at least three books.

Script A: the classic American war novel. Becker introduces his protagonist Benny Beer, a New York tailor's son in a corporal's uniform, straggling alone across a World War II battlefield in Germany. Later, as Dr. Beer, Benny turns up in Korea, enduring 2½ years in a Chinese prison camp. Here Becker is at his most persuasive as storyteller and moralist.

Script B: the classic Jewish novel, right down to the big wedding scene. Like most 20th century heroes, Benny is allowed to be epic only in bed. Alas, he picks a kind of Marjorie Morningstar.

Script C: the classic male-memento pause novel. Hunkering down in a country setting very much like Becker's own western Massachusetts, Doc Beer be-

comes the energy- and concern-presence of the local hospital. But at 46 he feels trapped between needs and duties, lusts and considerations, shrinking ideals and lengthening fatigue.

What, finally, do all these plots have in common? Survival. As the lost soldier, as the wandering Jew, as the middle-class American who finds himself unexpectedly at the point of no return, Benny Beer is a combatant whose dog tags do less to establish his identity than to signal the fact that he is in a war to the death. As a 20th century man, Beer, even in peace, is a sort of P.O.W. Even at home he is a refugee. Becker is given to spells of rhetoric and eccentric time shifts. But in the end this very raggedness qualifies as a kind of verisimilitude.

THE FIRST DEADLY SIN

by LAWRENCE SANDERS

566 pages. Putnam. \$8.95.

Here, for fearful lowlanders, is the second crime novel in a year that characterizes mountain climbers as homicidal maniacs. (The first was *The Eiger Sanction*, an inferior but celebrated book by a pseudonym called "Trevanian.")

Author Sanders cuts and piles clean sentences by the cord, stacks the cords by the carload, but then, alas, cannot refrain from using them all. His excessive literary creation is nevertheless an unparalleled time passer.

Daniel Blank is the evil alpinist, whose climbing is an ever repeated solo ascent of a mammoth phallic spire called the Devil's Needle. Goaded by a neurotic, not to say overly demonic young woman, Blank finds true fulfillment in splitting the skulls of strangers with his ice ax. The detective is Captain Edward X. Delaney, a shrewd cop with a need to bring order to the mess of life that almost matches Blank's compulsive twitches. Sanders, who has learned a lot since his 1970 *The Anderson Tapes*, handles ponderous scenes gracefully enough. He balances the action as Blank's mania forms more and more frequently and as Delaney's investigation quickens. The police work and even the climbing scenes are convincing. This book will probably peg the public's estimate of alpinists a degree or so below the current view of motorcycle racers and pornographers.

THE ALCHEMIST

by LESLIE H. WHITTEN

368 pages. Charterhouse. \$7.95.

Leslie H. Whitten is not just another run of the Hill Washington novelist. He is described as Columnist Jack Anderson's "top aide," which means he is one of the capital's powerful information brok-



B.S. JOHNSON



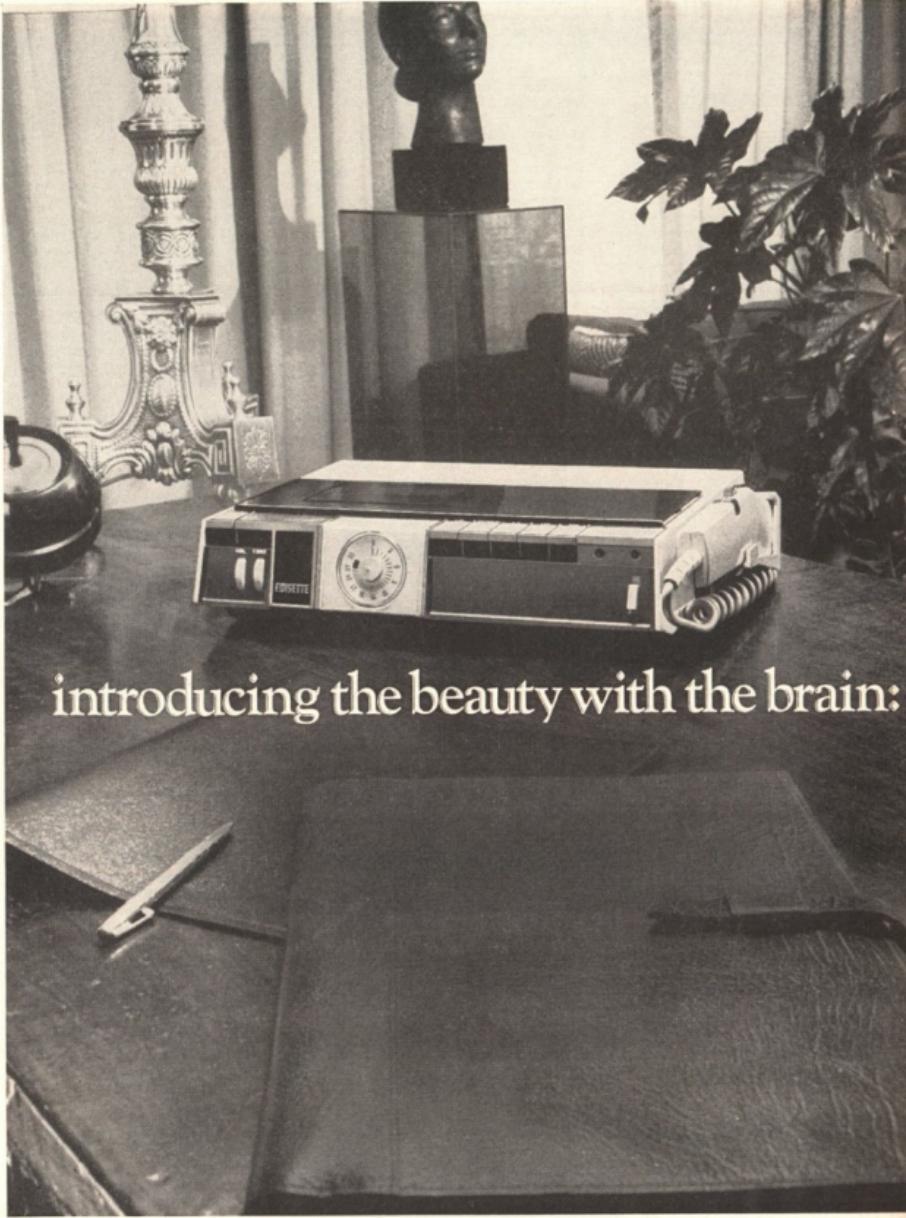
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ELIZABETH SAVAGE



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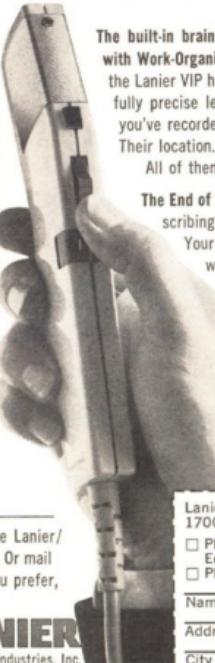
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BOOKS



DOUGAL ROBERTSON



LES WHITTEN

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"Spiced with the elegant wit of the host and interlaced with interesting, little-known facts about our country...a connoisseur's delight." —New Orleans *States-Item*.

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"The series is the first, and perhaps the finest, gift to the nation for its 200th birthday." —Newsweek

Watch Alistair Cooke's "America—A Personal History" on NBC Television. A co-production of Time-Life Films and BBC-TV.



ers. He is also a shrewd and entertaining writer who, in *The Alchemist*, takes a break from the moral—sometimes bluntly alchemical—rigors of changing mud into political pay dirt.

It is a kinky story in which one can attend a Black Mass with a man in a human-skin cape, be privy to a grave robbing or pornographic home movie co-starring a U.S. Vice President, and (perhaps most obscene of all) listen to the tape of a Roman Catholic's bugged confession. Yet behind such lubricious props, *The Alchemist* is a brisk, semi-tough study of power and love, the intoxications of public life and non-negotiable private satisfactions.

The hero is Martin Dobecker, a nonpracticing lawyer and ex-husband in his early 30s, unusual only in that he is building an alchemist's furnace in his basement. He is diverted from these diversions by Anita Tockbridge, a 45-year-old Assistant Secretary of Labor still on her way up. When Martin becomes her speechwriter and lover, the author has a fine time singling the praises of older women as well as brushing off the old myth that it is the male who is driven by power and the female who seeks security and love.

Dobecker plunges into Anita's sumptuous web of sexual intrigues and petty corruptions. He plays at black magic, proves adept at dirty political infighting, and manages to enjoy an exhilarating lowlife, but in the end still convincingly comes through for the old-fashioned virtues of a straight marriage.

SURVIVE THE SAVAGE SEA

by DOUGAL ROBERTSON

266 pages. Praeger. \$7.95.

Frustrated by his life as a struggling dairyman in Scotland, Dougal Robertson did what many men only dream of. Trading his farm for *Lucette*, a 43-ft. wooden schooner, he set off on a round-the-world cruise. Eighteen months later and 200 miles west of the Galápagos Islands, his yacht was hit by killer whales and sank in one minute. Robertson, his wife Lyn, their three sons, Douglas, 18, and the twins Neil and Sandy, 12, and a Welsh student guest, Robin Williams, 22, were adrift on the Pacific.

Chances of survival looked bleak. Their inflatable life raft had a slow leak. There was no radio or compass. The

Maybe you don't need just a different broker. Maybe you need a whole new team.

If you're an investor, you've probably had the thought, "Maybe I need a different broker."

That's up to you. But here are some things that might help you decide.

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2. He can't get you the timely information you need unless his team can supply it — and wants to supply it.

3. He can't get you the stocks, bonds, commodities, tax shelters, low cost insurance and a host of other things you want unless his team deals in them, and puts information about them at his fingertips.

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Maybe you need a better team.

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We're one of the biggest brokerage firms in the world — and that means that we can get you more information on more things than just about anybody else in the world.

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We think there are many other ways that your Bache broker, backed by your Bache team, can serve you more extensively. We hope you'll discover them for yourself. At any of our 116 offices here and around the world.

The Bache Team Working together for you.

this new palm-sized machine may be the greatest breakthrough in dictating equipment since the invention of magnetic tape

We don't have to sell you on the convenience or necessity of dictating equipment. But, most dictating equipment is desk-bound and so-called "portable" machines are often cumbersome and heavy, have bad reproduction, use non-standard tapes of short capacity and are limited in features and performance.

But Murac Micromatic is different and better. It is a complete breakthrough in design and engineering and has features and performance never before seen in any portable equipment.

First of all, the Murac Micromatic is light and small. It weighs just 20 oz. and measures 5½ x 3½ x 1½". It fits easily in the palm of your hand and you can comfortably carry it in your pocket or on your wrist.

It has the clarity and fidelity that you'd expect in a fine concert recorder. This performance is assured by its built-in condenser microphone, wow/flutter of less than 0.3%, frequency response of 150 to 8,000 Hz., and dynamic speaker with 400 mW output.

And here is the operational breakthrough that distinguishes the Murac Micromatic: It is a one-button instrument. Yes, one button does it all—recording, playback, fast forward or rewind. Even to pause temporarily in recording or playback, is done with a hold button and with just one finger.

Naturally, the Murac Micromatic uses standard 1 or 2 hr. tape cassettes available anywhere. It's great for taping lectures and conferences. Its built-in 3-digit counter lets you locate any segment of the tape fast and accurately.

With the Murac Micromatic you may use any standard cassette tape player for transcription. No need to tie up the machine itself or use specialized transcribing equipment. When traveling, just dictate and mail your tape. Naturally, if you prefer, you can use the Murac Micromatic itself for transcribing.

This remarkable instrument is simply loaded with features. Here are some others: ■ Built-in IC line amplifier for perfect recording any time ■ Easy-load pop-up cassette door ■ Built-in battery strength meter ■ Built-in recording level guide. Input jack for remote control mike, Output jack for headphones or speaker ■ AC adapter for playing through AC outlets ■ Uses four standard batteries.

The best surprise, perhaps, about the Murac Micromatic is the price: it's just \$99.95. Compare this value with other recorders selling for \$150 or more.

Standard equipment for the Murac Micromatic is: ■ the AC adapter ■ earphone ■ set of four batteries ■ one blank cassette ■ vinyl carry case with lanyard.

The Recording Accessory Kit contains: deluxe carry case with hand/shoulder strap, remote microphone, cigarette lighter adapter for car use, six blank cassettes with index cards and four batteries.

The Transcribing Accessory Kit contains: foot pedal, twin ear set and telephone pick-up.

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My check for this amount (Calif. deliv. add tax), plus \$2. for post. and insur., is enclosed.

Charge my BA, MC Card, # _____ Expires _____

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BOOKS

food supply consisted of only a few oranges and lemons, some fortified bread and glucose packed aboard the raft.

After nine days they had to abandon the raft and squeeze aboard *Lucette*'s 9-ft. fiber-glass dinghy. Using a makeshift sail and guided by stars, the dangerously overloaded craft headed north across the equator, where Robertson hoped to intercept the shipping lanes to Panama.

Robertson began to catch fish, using a homemade spear fashioned from gadgetry in his wife's sewing basket. Obliging sea turtles, apparently attracted to the dinghy in hopes of mating with it, added to the larder. They also enabled Lyn, a nurse by profession, to administer turtle-oil enemas to restore bowel movements. Finally, after 37 days at sea, the six castaways were picked up by a passing Japanese tuna boat.

To survive in the face of such great odds, they clearly needed more than just luck. Robertson had learned about the sea in his younger days in the merchant marine. His wife had essential medical training. They were also an extremely



PAUL THEROUX



LONNIE COLEMAN

close-knit group with a will to live. Occasional fierce bickering did break out. In this bestselling book, Robertson's understated narrative compellingly records it all with suitable Scots reserve.

SAINT JACK

by PAUL THEROUX

247 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.95.

On the whole, pimping probably should have as little to say for itself as possible, but Paul Theroux's newest novel makes a provocative case to the contrary. Jack Flowers, an overage American drifter beached in Singapore, tells the tale: the ribald apologia of a do-gooder who makes vice the arena of his somewhat special virtue. By pandering to other people's passions, Jack figures, he has saved "many fellers from harm and many girls from brutes." As for the act itself, Jack is old-fashioned enough to assume that everyone can agree on its proper dimensions.

But tastes change, even in the Singapore of the '60s. Jack discovers that exhibitionism, sadism and much, much more are in demand. When he refuses to pander to such tastes, he feels the first flush of sainthood. Theroux's title is teasingly ambiguous. Is it merely an ironic

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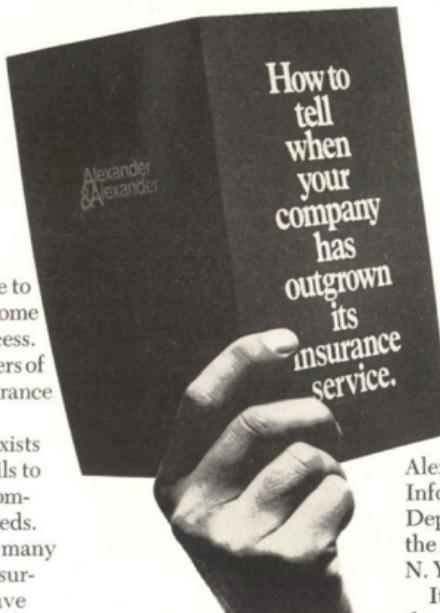
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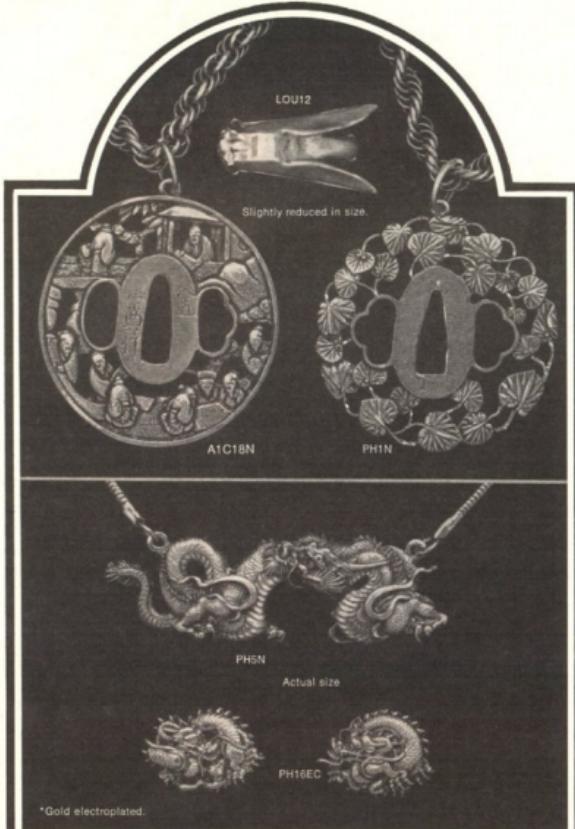
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Now we're making a face for ourselves.

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& Alexander**

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TO
LARGER
QUARTERS**



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BOOKS

claim for Jack or a portentous comment on the corruption of the modern world? The book is clever, but its consistent facetiousness allows the author to avoid facing a basic fact: however one chooses to view it, in pimping there is always one party who gets a raw deal.

BEULAH LAND

by LONNIE COLEMAN
495 pages. Doubleday. \$8.95.

This fat package is about several generations of Southerners, black and white, living on a plantation called Beulah Land (1820 to 1861 *et seq.*). The name being borrowed from a quotation in *Isaiah*. It tells of a land truly flowing with milk, honey—and miscegenation. The author has been a playwright (*Next of Kin*) as well as a minor novelist, and his dialogue demonstrates an admirable ability to leave out the unnecessary clutter that so often drowns sofa-stuffed historicals in sobs and expostulations. His descriptive powers, though, do not rise to such simple things as a squirrel hunt or a day's lazy fishing in the local creek.

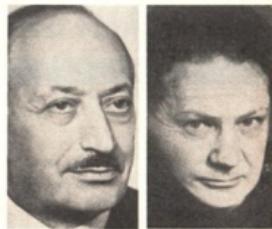
When *Beulah Land*'s paperback rights were sold last year for a (then) near-record-breaking \$800,000, the deal was made much of in the world of publishing which goes on forlornly hoping that cash and quality must somehow be linked. Coleman was naturally hailed as a new Margaret Mitchell. One might, as accurately, compare *Gone With the Wind* to *War and Peace*.

SAILS OF HOPE

The Secret Mission of Christopher Columbus
by SIMON WIESENTHAL
248 pages. Macmillan. \$5.95.

Was Columbus a Jew? Was his expedition to the Indies actually a search for the lost tribes of Israel? Such questions—never satisfactorily answered—are asked in this compact, fascinating, exhilarating reinterpretation of Columbus' mission. The author is Simon Wiesenthal, head of the Vienna Documentation Center, which meticulously tracked down Adolf Eichmann as well as more than 1,000 other Nazi war criminals.

Wiesenthal brings a detective's breathless prose to his various hypotheses, but his message—that Columbus was a crypto-Jew or, more likely, a descendant of converted Jews—is any-



SIMON WIESENTHAL

SAUL MALOFF

**What
kind
of fool**

**would get
involved in
something
that:
Is without
profit?
Has impos-
sible hours?
Is involved
in one dis-
aster after
another?
That even
asks for
blood?**

**We hope
you're that
kind of fool.**

**the
good
neighbor.**

The American Red Cross

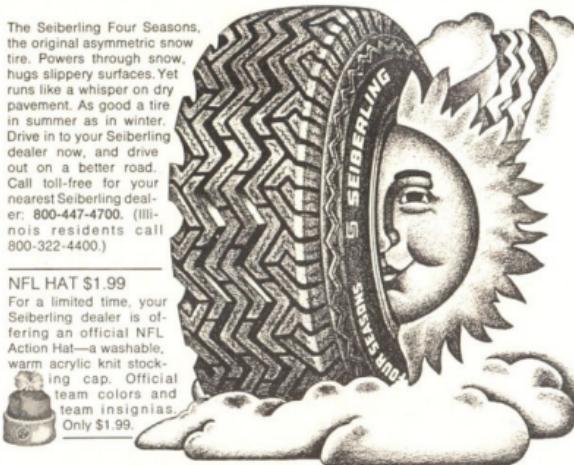


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Take stock in America. Now Bonds mature in less than six years.

BOOKS

thing but new. Spain's eminent historian and novelist Salvador de Madariaga covered the ground four decades ago.

Moreover, Wiesenthal, and this is a shocking surprise, often seems to be a careless detective. He moves from pure conjecture to assumed fact on the barest circumstantial evidence. But he does suggest with some conviction that the wealthy, Jewish-born Christians who financed Columbus' expedition for Ferdinand and Isabella had hopes of more than monetary return: if not the discovery of the lost tribes, perhaps at least a new land to which Jews could emigrate rather than convert to Christianity.

Wiesenthal is severely, and justly, critical of the monarchs, whose greed and overweening zeal did so much economic and spiritual harm both to the Jews and to Spain itself, crowning the Inquisition's persecution of Jews with the expulsion from the country of most of its best commercial minds. The final irony, of course, is that these two remorseless rulers, who financed Columbus' later expeditions with plundered Jewish wealth, unwittingly opened a New World where, in the centuries that followed, persecuted Jews would indeed find the haven they had sought so long.

HEARTLAND

by SAUL MALOFF

279 pages. Scribner. \$6.95.

At an institution significantly named the Donner Pass College for Women, the author pits a pair of middle-aged Eastern Jewish intellectual males against a covey of young Western Baptist extroverted females. To this year's Donner Pass Symposium for Distinguished Visitors come an obnoxious poet, Fox, and a weary, rueful professor, Isaiah Greene. Greene is at first charmed despite himself by the earnest and buxom simple-mindedness of the girls and their quaint collegiate rituals. What troubles him is the crassness of his odious colleague, the loudmouthed, girl-chasing Fox.

"I see you know about girls' schools. Ours anyway. They're really carnivorous, aren't they? Man-eaters. But that's what's wonderful about our girls," says Greene's hostess, a local Demeter, chattily. When she directs him to the college bookstore, he finds it peacefully short on texts and long on stuffed Teddy bears. Later the sight of some dusty relics in the school trophy room gives Greene a shiver. Still he is hardly prepared for the final evening, a candlelit, costumed rally in the chapel. There the frustrated Fox rashly taunts the girls about their anti-Semitism, and promptly finds himself brutally assaulted by banal coeds turned bacchantes.

After Shirley Jackson, Ira Levin *et al.*, Maloff can hardly rock the reader with such corny corn-god doings. Yet he handles the shift from Teddy bears to ritual sacrifice with skill, tact and humor. He has also produced a fable for our feminist times.

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Time Out

Onstage, with her long arms and legs embracing the cello, her straw-colored hair falling over her shoulders, and her pink-cheeked English face radiating health and happiness, she looked a bit like Alice in Wonderland grown to womanhood. That was one reason why Jacqueline du Pré emerged as the darling of worldwide concert audiences while still in her early 20s. Another was the graceful and eloquently soulful way she played her cumbersome instrument. Her tone had an auburn glow, her phrasing a masculine power, and her programming showed an equal devotion to old favorites (the Schumann and Saint-Saëns concertos) and interesting esoterica (the Delius concerto). She quickly took a place among the two or three finest cellists in the world.

After she married Conductor-Pianist Daniel Barenboim in 1967, Jackie's active career became almost frenetic. When she and Daniel were not performing together, they were jetting off separately to tour on different continents, then rushing back home to London to be with each other. It did not seem all that unusual when Du Pré, in the summer of 1971, came down with what was described as nervous exhaustion and canceled all her concerts for the following season.

Save for an occasional recording session and concert, however, the Du Pré career never fully resumed. Last week the explanation came out. After exten-

sive hospital tests late last month, doctors have determined that, at 28, Du Pré is a victim of multiple sclerosis.

Will she play again? Even her doctors cannot answer for sure. What is known about multiple sclerosis is that it is a disease of the central nervous system that impairs sensation, motor functions and balance. What is not known is its cause or cure. Its crippling, paralyzing and all too often fatal course—marked by alternating exacerbations and remissions—can be run in as few as three years or as many as 50. Hormones, especially of the cortisone type, can relieve acute symptoms during the early phases. By all odds, however, Du Pré's career and very possibly her life will be cruelly curtailed.

Du Pré has not performed in public since last February. Her last recording (cello and piano sonatas by Chopin and Franck, with Barenboim) was made two years ago. In order to spend more time with her, Barenboim recently canceled a one-month tour of the U.S., and plans to cut his foreign travel sharply in the future.

The pair continue to take long walks, give parties and revel in private musical soirees with close friends. Back home from the hospital last week, Jackie was busy cooking and puttingter. Despite her gloomy prospects, she has been practicing regularly with the determined air of a woman who has merely taken some time out. Her friends and associates insist that this is literally the case. Says Record Producer and Family Friend Suvi Raj Grubb: "I know the girl. She'll play."

DU PRÉ WITH LEONARD BERNSTEIN (1967)



RONNIE WOOD

Mail-a-Disc

There he is, between reels of the late show on TV, popping out from among the commercials for cars and permanent eyelashes—Boston Pops Conductor Arthur Fiedler, promoting a mail-order five-LP collection called *A Library of the Greatest Musical Masterpieces*. A twist of the dial and perched on a ledge overlooking Tuscan bell towers is Louis Prima delivering a husky-voiced hustle for a two-LP anthology of pop songs titled *Love Italian Style*. And isn't that yes! It's Chubby Checker, coyly reminding viewers that he "used to do a little thing called the twist." Now Chubby is doing a little thing called hawking an LP of *The Greatest Hits of Rock 'n' Roll*.

The songs are dusty, and in many cases so are the singers. Who remembers Frankie Fanelli's *Mala Femmania*? With discount record outlets in most major cities, peddling warmed-over LP collections on TV would seem like a short cut to bankruptcy. Yet in two months Fiedler's two-minute pitch has sold over \$1,000,000 worth of records. *The Greatest Hits of Rock 'n' Roll* has racked up

\$4,000,000 in sales, and *Love Italian Style* is nearing the \$1,500,000 mark.

All three packages are released by a Manhattan-based firm called Dynamic House/Tele House, the newest and, by some accounts, the most successful of the mail-order record companies. The first legitimate firm in the field was Columbia House, a division of CBS, which was started in 1967 and has marketed over 50 albums (sample titles: *The Look of Love*, *Country Classics*, *Music for a Rainy Afternoon*).

In contrast to Columbia House, which records a good many of its own releases, Dynamic House/Tele House works exclusively with recycled masters from conventional labels. In its two years of existence, it has released 15 packages, 13 of which have been cer-



PRIMA IN TV COMMERCIAL
A husky-voiced hustle.

tified as gold records for million-dollar-plus sales. Dynamic's founder and president, high-voltage ex-Adman Larry Crane, 37, relies heavily on the current nostalgia vogue and on the existence of a large public that does not frequent record shops. "Anybody willing to write away for a record and wait four to six weeks to get it," he observes, "is not an average record customer." Along with Columbia House and such smaller competitors as the Longines Symphonette (a seven-record set by Nat King Cole), Crane's firm has made the TV-promoted mail-order market the fastest-growing segment of the record business.

Besides stimulating profits and memories, the mail-order LPs have revitalized some lagging careers. After Chubby Checker's plug for the rock-'n'-roll collection began appearing on TV, his popularity zoomed, enabling him to boost his fee for a nightclub date from \$500 to as much as \$5,000 a night.

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A color photograph of two men hunting ducks from a boat. The man on the left, wearing a brown cap and glasses, is smoking a cigarette while pointing his shotgun. A golden retriever sits beside him. The man on the right, wearing a green cap, is aiming his shotgun. They are in a boat on a body of water with several ducks swimming nearby.

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